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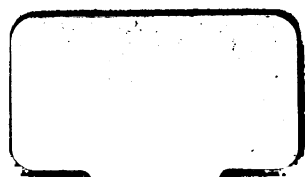


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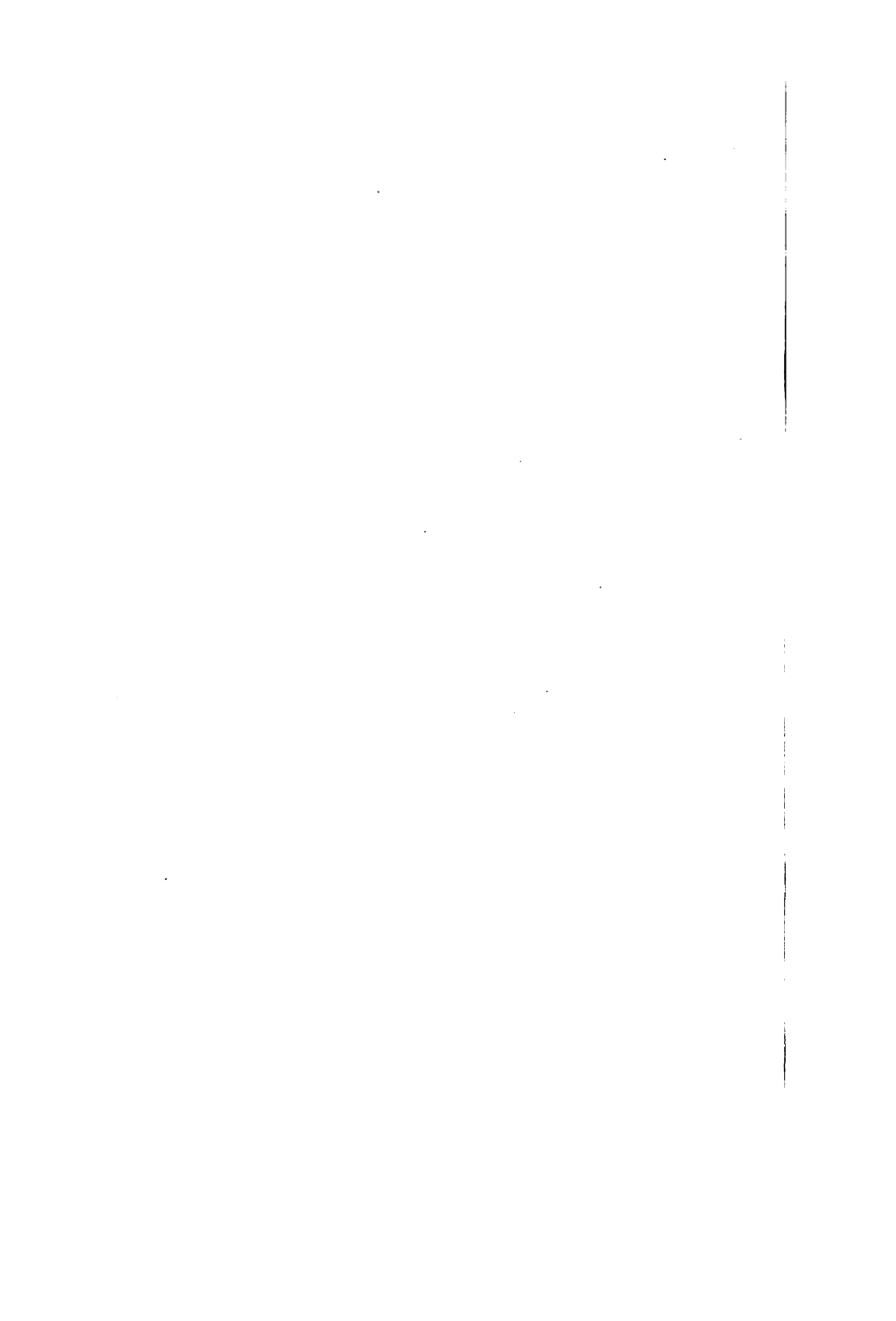
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LETTERS

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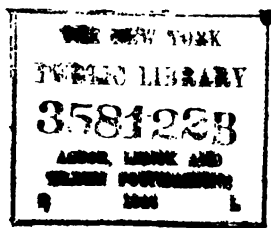
RELIGIOUS AND OTHER SUBJECTS.

BY WILLIAM T. BAIN.

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1839.



Lawrence S. Thompson
Chapel Hill, 1936

PREFACE.

THROUGH the columns of the Press, a large number of the following Letters and Meditations has met the eye of the intelligent reader, in *detached* pieces; and from the flattering reception given, and the favorable opinions expressed relative to them, I have been encouraged to *condense* and present them, in the form of a Volume, to the Religious and Moral community.

I have been long impressed with the belief, that it is the duty of *members* as well as *ministers* to do all the good they can for God's cause; and the only apology I have to offer for this intrusion on the notice of the public, is a desire to accomplish that object, as far as my limited means and capacity will allow me; and if I could persuade myself that my feeble effort at composition has convinced, or may yet convince and turn one immortal soul from the error of his ways, I should rejoice in the reflection, and earnestly pray for more of the Divine aid to build up, with others, the Church of Christ.

That the work has many defects, is obvious; but when it is known that I lay no claims to collegiate proficiency, nor the profundity of a scholar, I hope a Christian community will throw the veil of charity over such defects and imperfections as are discoverable, and peruse the work (particularly those parts which relate to God, Christ and Religion) with some share of profit and edification.



LETTERS.

LETTER I.

JUNE, 1834.

Your long and unusual silence, my dear GRAVES, has given birth to a variety of speculations, which have uncourteously intruded themselves upon me, and which I find rather difficult to remove or supplant for others more congenial to my feelings and nature.

If I am permitted to assign the cause or causes out of which your silence has grown, I might attribute it to a peculiar distaste for composition, which you have occasionally avowed, or it might be in consequence of an accumulation of professional engagements, which I readily admit you are bound to attend to under any circumstances coming within your control.

It cannot be that *absence*, like the withering hand of time, has erased every recollection of former friendship and kind feelings, and has engendered a cold indifference in the heart of my friend, which was once warm and generous, and which glowed with that manly benevolence which exalts the human mind and elevates it beyond the reach of mean and selfish considerations.

I cannot indulge the idle thought, that days of absence, however long and dreary, could change your course, dictated by a sound and discriminating mind, or that it could influence you to act cold and indifferent to him or them whom you might deem worthy of your confidence and esteem.

Doubtless you have a distinct recollection of the time when it was *your* prerogative to edify and instruct, and *mine* to please and amuse, during the hours of recreation from business, which we then called our own. It was then that we shared largely in a friendship, mutual in its kind, which none feel or cherish but those whose hearts are susceptible of its influence; and although we are at this time separated by some hundreds of miles, perhaps never to meet again, yet may that *true* friendship for one another never lose its virtue, nor become lost among the shades of forgetfulness, but remain warm and lively, so long as we are permitted by our Creator to breathe the vital air of heaven.

You may be more or less surprised, when I inform you that a great and wonderful change has been wrought in me during the past three years. I am not *now* (as regards certain matters) the man I was when we were associated together. Then I was fond of the pleasures and amusements of unsubstantial time, and would, when an opportunity presented itself, participate in all the *fashionable* kinds of dissipation practised in that day. I was a man of the world, and bestowed but few thoughts on the consequences resulting from a course so hurtful and pernicious.

You may, with much propriety, ask the question, what great or marvellous change has been wrought in me?—If you are solicitous to know, I will tell you.

I have abandoned my former loose and sinful habits of life. The *ball-room* and *genteel card parties* cease to be pleasant and fascinating. I have *now* no taste nor relish for amusements of any kind; they have long since been buried in the grave of forgetfulness—never, I hope, to be *disinterred*, to pollute and corrode my soul in this, and jeopard its happiness in a future state of existence. I am at this time striving to follow in the train of pleasures more congenial with the principles and character of an *Evangelical* Christian. I have embraced the Religion of the Bible, and have enjoyed the comforts and pleasures of the New Birth, and hope to die a loyal subject of Heaven's King, within the pales of the M. E. Church, of which I am now an humble member.

You may, as many others do, doubt the reality of my pretensions, and enquire, how do I know that a change from bad to good has been effected in me? Not doubting but you are a believer in the truths of Christianity, I will simply answer your enquiry by referring you to the New Testament, more particularly for incontrovertible evidence, as that part of God's revealed will to man informs us of our duty to *him*, as our Creator, and our fellow-men as brethren of the same family. It informs us of the way and manner we are to obtain pardon for the sins of the flesh; it persuades and threatens, and declares most emphatically that without repentance no son of fallen Adam can be saved. In the volume of nature we have a variety of beauties unfolded to our view, but, my friend, they will bear no comparison with those to be found in the Bible, the volume of Revelation. In the first, we behold with our natural eyes the wisdom and power of the great Jehovah. In the second, we are clearly taught the plan which he devised in the councils of infinite wisdom to restore fallen, helpless and degraded man to his love and favor. "It was great to speak a world from nought, but greater to *redeem*," is the language of inspiration. Yes, we have been redeemed, not with corruptible things, such as silver and gold, nor by the forfeiture of an Angel's life, but by the shedding of a Saviour's blood, through whom we live; move and have our continual being. These things are of vast importance, and should have great weight on your mind; they should urge you to prepare for the hour of death, who, in his appointed time, will come, and let me impress it upon you, that whether you may be ready for his reception or not, his errand must be performed; and happy, thrice happy are they who can meet him without fear or dread. Permit me, my friend, to assure you that there is a reality in Religion, which you may *live* without while on earth, but you nor no other of Adam's posterity can *die* without it, and secure a happy immortality. Suffer me to impress upon your mind the necessity of giving the Word of God a careful perusal. It is able to make you wise and good, and from its sacred pages you will receive such instruction as will assist you in discharging every duty and ob-

ligation you owe him. Be alive to your eternal interest ; "seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness," and as you have temporal blessings pledged, you will most assuredly receive them as you require.

I would not have addressed you with such earnestness, if I did not believe that your heart is open to conviction. I might not have troubled you with this communication, if I were not assured that you have known the importance of being reconciled to God. Will you not shake off the yoke of bondage, and be made free from sin by and through the blood of the cross? Are you willing to risk your salvation by a course of rebellion? Repent, I pray you, while you have time, or the door of mercy will be forever closed against you.

Your friend, unalterably.

LETTER II.

JULY, 1824.

In consequence of the regard and esteem which I have long cherished for my fair young friend and her amiable family, in connection with that unbroken friendship which has from our earliest recollection existed between us, regardless of other incentives, I hope a bare apology will suffice, and act as a palliation for this intrusion upon your time, and most probably your patience, in the perusal of this letter, the contents of which, I flatter myself, will be congenial to your present state of mind and feelings.

If I know my heart and the relation in which I stand to my fellow travellers to eternity, I felt deep regret in learning from your own lips that you had back-slidden, or in other words, had wandered from the good old paths of righteousness, had grieved the Spirit of God by participating in the gay amusements of a giddy world, which my fair friend will unhesitatingly acknowledge, on ma-

ture reflection, to be incompatible with the Gospel of Christ, hostile to every principle of pure Christianity, and destructive to the soul.

I have been informed, however, with some degree of pleasure, that you are earnestly endeavoring to gain what you have lost, and as a wandering sheep, to be brought back to the fold of Christ and again received into his holy family. Most cordially would I congratulate you on the victory you would achieve over the most inveterate enemy of your soul, if an object of such vital importance could be accomplished. Most sincerely would I join you and your Religious friends in ascribing praise to God, if you could again be reclaimed, and again rejoice in his free and unlimited grace.

You have the same privileges now as you ever had—the same invitations to approach the mercy's seat as formerly, and to assist you to retrace your steps, suffer me to urge you to an unshaken reliance on God's promises, which are to the wounded and sin-sick soul, as food is to the mortal body.

His Holy Word invites, encourages and persuades the wanderer from his paths to return and enjoy the same blessings which were forfeited by his apostasy. ~~You, in~~ by-gone days participated in those blessings and enjoyments. They will again be yours, if you ask, seek and implore his mercy with a believing heart. Do not suffer your mind to be disturbed by the opinions of this or that individual touching Religion or any other subject, if those opinions are not in accordance with your own.—The *Bible* is your guide and instructor; peruse it often and attentively, and as you perform that duty, pray that your mind may be enlightened, your understanding quickened, your sins pardoned, and you blessed with showers of love from the immediate presence of Jehovah. Make frequent visits to your closet, pray often and much, for by it you will and must finally conquer and bear down all opposition in your march to Heaven. Do not, I beseech you, distrust your gracious Saviour. "His promises are *rich* as heavenly love can make them; they are as *firm* as eternal truth can fix them, and as *sure* and as *free* as fallen man can wish them." The volume of

Divine Revelation informs us that by *grace* we are saved, through *faith*, which is the gift of God. Hence, in your devotional exercises, pray for a saving faith in his promises, and for grace to resist and finally defeat Satan in his attempts to seduce you from the paths of righteousness. Do not suffer the important fact to be erased from your memory, that Jehovah's love for you has neither been decreased nor lessened; the same virtue in the Saviour's blood exists *now*, as in days' when he smiled upon and called you his. Then flee once more to the blood-stained Cross, wrestle as Jacob did, and declare as he did, "I will not let thee go, Oh! Lord, until thou bless and assure me by thy Spirit, that thou hast pardoned my sins, and *again* made me an heir of Heaven." Think, I pray you, think of the awful situation of the backslider. On Religious subjects, I advise you to discuss *freely*, but *dispassionately*, and studiously avoid controversy, which somewhat bewilders the mind, blunts the edge of brotherly love, and endangers our peace and quietude. I write and advise from experience, having had my heart made glad under the Divine influence of God's Spirit, and then depressed and made sad by the assaults and temptations of Satan, but by His grace I am now, what I hope I shall ever be, the son of his adoption.

Persevere my young friend, do not despond, your contest with the Tempter may be long and severe, but keep the summit of Calvary always in view, and by constant prayer and supplication, you will doubtless regain the treasure you have lost, be again restored to the favor of God, and made to rejoice in his love. In conclusion, I beg leave to invoke abundant blessings on you and those to whom you are connected. May you live the residue of your days, free from the pollution of your nature; may you live with, and have at all times a conscience void of offence toward God and men, and when you are called upon to exchange *time* for *eternity*, may you ascend to heaven to rest in the bosom of your God in peace, and undisturbed repose forever—

Young friend, your Saviour loves, esteems—
His praise should be your constant theme,
While in the flesh you live;

Abhor the crime, detest the sin,
Which robbed you of that peace within,
Which none but God can give.
No more transgress, no more forsake,
The path of Truth, but ever take,
Sweet council from his word—
‘Twill lead you up to heaven and bliss,
Where he will claim and own you his,
The Holy one, your Lord.

Your friend, sincerely.

LETTER III.

JULY, 1834.

To a Clergyman.

REV. AND DEAR SIR :—It is not within the power of language to express the pleasure and delight I felt on the perusal of your friendly letter of the 10th inst., and now with equal pleasure, devote a few moments of leisure in giving it an answer. Until its reception, however, I was ruminating in my mind, the probable cause of your silence, and was about to pass on you what I conceived to be a just sentence for the crime of forgetfulness, or a want of good faith in complying with your promise, but after perusing its contents, all blame is removed, and must yield to circumstances over which you had no control. When I consider the grounds on which we have stood for the past twenty years, I conceive it only necessary to remark, that no change in situation or circumstances could induce me to view you in any other light, but that of a *devoted friend*. This, with some other letters which you have at various periods favored me with, breathes the kind and benevolent feelings of your heart, and I should deserve to be branded with every vile epithet, if I could, even for a moment, question your repeated declarations of friendship, or doubt their sincerity. There are some people in the

world, (but I hope for the honor of human nature the number is but small,) who pretend to doubt the reality of true friendship, and in vindication of this absurd principle, unblushingly assert that the human heart is too fluctuating, visionary and unstable to cherish this or any other virtue which elevates human nature, thereby drawing no distinction between virtue or vice, between what are amiable and praise-worthy, and what may be viewed as objectionable in the character of man.

The interesting history of *Damon* and *Pythias*, the former of whom was condemned to death by the Syracusan Tyrant, is demonstrative that *unfeigned* and *lasting* friendship can live and be nurtured in the breasts of the virtuous and the good, and when brought to bear upon the minds of its possessors, a lustre of the most brilliant hue is shed around them, which the tongue of envy and malice can never tarnish.

The beauty and excellency of this virtue, (if indeed it may be called so,) when duly appreciated, has a tendency of softening the adamant heart, and woos the fierceness and savage nature of the lion, into the meekness of the innocent lamb. Misanthropy is compelled to acknowledge its superiority over every sordid consideration, and selfishness is forced to succumb to its bewitching influence. In your remarks on general topics, you enlarged on *Causes* and *Effects*, and expressed a wish to know my views upon them. I regret my inability to do justice to the subject; but will attempt an exposition of them, and will leave my Reverend friend to judge of, and decide upon its merits or demerits. It is evident from every incident of life, that no cause can exist without producing its effect; neither can there be an effect without a cause. When death enters into our families, when calamities of one sort or other befall, and troubles harass us, we naturally, and as by *instinct*, enquire into the cause or causes producing such effects, which are in their operations either limited or general. These enquiries, let it be recollected, very often fail to satisfy the mind's solicitude, to ascertain the source from whence they spring. It may be said, they are sometimes made for the purpose of gratifying the restless de-

sires of the heart in her search after some point of investigation into these mysterious matters, and when it is made, we find our hopes to gain the object prostrated, and our peace and comfort, in consequence of the failure, materially disturbed. To an understanding clear and perceptive, to a mind enlightened by Christianity, and well disciplined in the school of rational philosophy, no difficulty can arise in giving these enquiries their proper answers.

We need not dive into any of the abstruse sciences, to discover the *why* and the *wherefore*, which gave birth to these astounding changes in our temporal affairs, we need not search the records of philosophy and learned men to form correct opinions, and draw plausible inferences relative to these vicissitudes of fortune and individual bereavements. We have only to cast our eyes on the fact which proves itself in every word and deed, that *sin*, original and active, is the permanent and only cause of all our calamities, and while we remain strangers to the divine influence of Religion, and that covenant of grace which will rescue the sinner from impending ruin, we are apt to throw out complaint, and presume to charge God with being the author of all our miseries. We lose sight of the real and true cause, and cast the blame of the effects on Him, who made us to live happy in the enjoyment of those blessings which we are daily and hourly receiving from him. The multiplied losses and calamities which we have to grapple with, may be justly imputed to our repeated violations of the laws of Heaven. When human laws are violated, the transgressors are punished with severity, which sometimes extends to the forfeiture of their lives. Is it then reasonable to suppose, that the violators of the divine law will escape punishment? I trow not. When divine punishment is inflicted, the guilty only suffer, and their guilt is the immediate cause of their punishment, which is the effect of their guilt, so with human laws as just stated, when a man violates them, he is arraigned at the bar of public justice to answer the charge, it then follows that the violation is the cause, and the punishment which he may receive, is the effect of that violation. It would be as

contradictory to reason and good sense, to suppose that a cause could exist without producing its concomitant effects, as it would be to believe that a piece of iron made red hot and applied to any part of the body, would not burn or produce pain. Causes may be viewed as distinct from effects, yet so close is the connexion between them, that the one cannot exist without the other. When a cause is removed, the effect incidental thereto ceases to injure, as with the *sinner*, who on receiving a pardon for his sins, is thereby made a *new creature*, is born of God, the effect therefore ceases to contaminate, in consequence of the cause being removed. On the subject of *National* sins, I am of the *opinion* that but one *opinion* prevails among Christians.

When a Nation sins, she is frequently punished with war, pestilence and famine, and in the event of either the innocent must suffer with the guilty, and fall beneath the general ruin.

Solomon says, righteousness exalteth a Nation, but *sin*. (meaning I presume, National sin) is a reproach to any people, and this sin is the introduction of *avarice*, *luxury* and *pride*, with a total indifference to Religion and divine things, which have brought nations to the verge of ruin, and exterminated others from the earth.

There can be not a shadow of doubt in the minds of all who seriously reflect upon these subjects, that wars and national calamities may be traced to some one, or all of these sins I have enumerated, and I very much fear *our own beloved country* is gradually sliding into them, and unless rescued by an arm more potent than any we can stretch out in its defence, we may share the same fate with those nations who have long since sunk into the grave of oblivion and forgetfulness. When Kings and Rulers become corrupt and wicked, there is great danger to apprehend that the people will follow in their train; influence and example have an astonishing effect of sowing the seeds of vice and immorality, and before they are made sensible of their danger, the *governed* are as much polluted and ingulphed in sin as those who *govern* them. This fact, though a lamentable one, is nevertheless true, and could be substantiated by the recital of numerous in-

stances, but suffice it to say, that *He* who rules the destinies of mortals, in virtue of the claim he has upon us by creation and redemption, demands an unequivocal obedience to his laws, and attaches a heavy penalty to the violation of any of them.

I concur with you in opinion, that professors of Religion should be extremely cautious in their intermeddling with *politics*.

When they enter on the political theatre, a wide field is immediately opened for temptations to assail them, a portion of them become advocates of this or that party, and in their disputations about men and measures, they forget the responsible stations they occupy in the Church to which they may belong. Their minds are made irritable, their tempers and dispositions soured, and while under the influence of these passions, they are apt to mingle their voices with others in impugning the views and motives of their opponents. Many years since, I knew a gentleman who made a profession of Religion, and for some time he appeared to run the gospel race with peace, and evinced by his general demeanor, that his profession was sincere. He doubtless felt the joys of the *new birth*, and knew the difference between the sinner and the saint, but from some cause known only to himself, he entered into the political field, and was soon deeply immersed in the politics of the day. It was soon made apparent, that his new sphere of life would be vastly more injurious than beneficial to his spiritual welfare, temptations of various kinds were thrown in his path, which he *could not* or *would not resist*. His first love gradually cooled, and he is again a man of the world.

This one instance alone, shows the great danger which attends the Christian in becoming a politician. The experiment is a very hazardous one, and will require every atom of grace to prevent a shipwreck, the effect of which will render it doubly difficult to repair damages and secure a safe harbor, where his soul may rest in peace and safety. Various are the means used by Satan to ensnare the Christian; he is not contented with dwelling under Jehovah's wrath alone, but as a beast of prey, he prowls about the world, darting at every step the venomous

poison of his temptations, and his ingenuity is of such a peculiar kind, that he seldom fails to accomplish his purposes and designs.

If you were a *Sinner*, as I believe you to be a *Christian*, I would admonish you, as I do now all who sustain the former character, to pause and meditate, ere you venture too far. Be persuaded to cast off the works of darkness, and walk in the light of the gospel, reflect seriously upon the awful truth, that you are sinful by nature, and far more so by practice, and without repentance and a thorough cleansing from your sins, you will drink your portion of the *wormwood* and the *gall*, in the regions of despair, where you will be tossed to and fro, "amidst the rocks of deep and dark damnation," and be gnawed and fed upon by the worm that never, never dies.

Like the rich man in the gospel, you may wish for a drop of water to cool your burning tongue, but that request, though a small one, will be denied. You may ask for and earnestly crave a week or a day's alleviation of your torments, but that, as the other request, will be a vain one, your doom will be inevitable, your fate unalterably fixed. Remember, that God is just, and will enforce the attribute of *Justice*, when that of *Mercy* forbids him to save the sinner in his sins.

I am Rev. sir,

Yours, with due regard.



LETTER IV.

APRIL, 1835.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—I have no apology to offer for my inattention to your letter of the 10th ult. Circumstances beyond my control have prevented me until *now*, from discharging the duty of answering it, which I now do with a heart replete with commiseration and pity.—

The intelligence of the indisposition of yourself and amiable lady, was received with no ordinary regret, but I entertain flattering hopes, that ere this juncture of time, you have both recovered your usual good health and spirits.

I sincerely sympathise with you in the loss you have as parents sustained, but as misfortunes and afflictions are the common lot of all mankind, those on whom they fall and by whom visited, should submit to them with resignation and firmness, knowing that no frail mortal has the power to arrest the arm of omnipotence, or the right to enquire by what authority he afflicts the human family? No individual in his sober senses can deny, that it is one of the characteristics of our nature to complain and feel oppressed under the weight of misfortunes clothed in any garb, it certainly belongs to our diversified characters, to be more or less disquieted and restive in any situation in life, but we should, as reasonable beings, pursue a course best calculated to please God, and enhance our happiness.

We are his property by creation, preservation and redemption, it therefore follows, that we should be his by adoption and grace. At all times, it should be our duty to submit to any dispensation of Providence. It is moreover, our duty to be resigned to his will, he knows what is best for us, and he will cause even our afflictions to work for our good, if we love him sincerely and worship him with an undivided heart.

I am apprehensive you are yet irreconciled to the loss of your darling boy, if so, you have forgotten that manly firmness and Christian submission are indispensably necessary to contend successfully with losses and bereavements, however great or irreparable in their nature they may be, that the weight of grief may press you to the earth, yet you should keep in view your own mortality. No earthly loss can be compared to that of a child, husband, wife, father or mother, or any other near relation. But are they not born to die? They are only here for a time, subject to the call of a mysterious Providence, when he shall think fit to remove them from time to eternity. Under these, in connection with other considerations, you should use effort, (assisted by a Christian phil-

osophy,) to suppress every melancholy emotion, to keep within prescribed limits, every species of sadness and depression, which ill become the firmness and inflexibility of our character, use every effort to calm your own, and the mind of your lady, and as speedily as possible, bring your minds to believe the fact, that *your earthly loss is his eternal gain*. I sincerely hope your bereavement may have a beneficial effect on your hearts, may it lead, guide and direct you to the *Cross of Christ*, which, to the afflicted Christian, is a solace for every grief, a balm for every wound.

The oracles of God disclose, that they who mourn shall be comforted, who are cast down shall be lifted up, then in the name of our *Great High Priest*, I conjure you to pray to him for that comfort, support and peace of mind which he will give, when asked for, but which the world is incapable of bestowing.

The remedy and cure for the wound which you have received, and which I fear is yet unhealed, are to be found only in the comforts of Religion, and the promises of God, which are as firm and unchangeable as the throne on which he in majesty and grandeur sits. He delights to impart peace and comfort to the troubled mind, and binds up the broken heart, pardon and remission of sins are readily granted when they are sought for and implored by the humble penitent. Your darling boy, on whom a large share of your affection was centered, cannot return to you; be comforted under the pleasing reflection, that he is now inhaling a purer atmosphere, and is an inhabitant of a more friendly and congenial clime than this, and as an angel, enjoys the company of his kindred in heaven, with whom he joins in ascribing praise, glory and honor to God, and his immaculate vicegerent. Meditations like these, should silence every murmur, remove all sadness and disquietude, and stimulate you to make such a preparation for death, as will secure to you a crown similar to the one which your departed son now wears, when you shall be called upon to exchange worlds. Nothing short of Religion can accomplish this, you must, in the very essence of the declaration, "*Be born again*," be cleansed from all sin in the

atoning blood of Christ, or you will stand a guilty criminal before the bar of the impartial Judge. I am fearful you are *now* what I once was, a sinner and a stranger to the favor and love of God; if you are, and you die in your sins, let me tell you, from the truths of his word, that where God and Christ are, you cannot go. Suffer me, as a friend, to persuade and intreat you to think of these things in which your soul is deeply concerned, delay is dangerous, leave not for to-morrow or next week, the work which you should *now* perform.

A sick bed may be too late to commence a work for eternity, the spirit says ask, and you shall receive, seek and you shall find, and if you knock in faith, the door to the kingdom of Heaven will be speedily opened to you.

These invitations are encouraging, and if you value your soul, accept of them without delay, and be initiated into the mysteries of Religion.

"In conclusion, permit me to remind you of the great danger of murmuring too much at the dispensation of God's providence. The Judge of all the earth invariably does that which is right, and it becomes us, whenever he may visit us in judgment, submissively to bear with his indignation, because we have sinned against him."*

Your devoted friend.

* From the Southern Preacher.

LETTER V.

JULY, 1835.

DEAR MADAM:—If I conceived it necessary, under all the circumstances, I would offer you an apology for suffering your esteemed favor of — to remain until this time unanswered, but believing as I do, that you are not one of those who adhere so closely to *punctilios* as not to pardon a friend for an unavoidable negligence, when he earnestly implores a pardon at your fair hands.— Time and distance have not as yet effected any change in me; the warmth of original friendship continues to remind me of *my* duty to you, and of *your* friendship towards me, which has been unabating from the first dawn of its existence. I rejoice to hear you have turned your attention to the *one thing needful*, and have made Religion your chief study. Continue to ask until you shall receive; cease not to invoke until your invocations are heard; be faithful, and you will most assuredly be rewarded according to your faith and works.

To *think* upon the comforts and delights which a course of duty to God affords, is both pleasant and delightful to the mind, but to write on those subjects is more so.

The comparison which you have drawn between the great Apostle to the heathen world and his successors to the present time, is certainly a correct one. Since that important period when Christianity infused her radiant light upon a sinful and benighted world, there has never appeared upon the stage of action a more devoted Minister and servant of God than the *Apostle Paul*. To use his own language, “he was all things to all men,” that he might the more faithfully perform the work of an Evangelist, and win souls to Christ. His zeal surpassed the zeal of the most ardent of his cotemporaries and successors. He was not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, nor was he ever wearied in bearing his Cross through dangers seen and unseen, through evil and through good report. As a faithful herald of that Gospel which he was miraculously called to preach, he was convinced by the

aid of reason, revelation and experience, that Christ alone had the power to heal all manner of diseases which grew out of, or emanated from Adam's transgression. He was well assured that he who was not convinced of sin, who was not weary and burthened under its weight, would not be apt to take heed to the loudest calls of his compassionate Saviour. He well knew the depth of man's depravity; he plainly saw through the telescope of Revelation, the great length he had heedlessly marched into sin and iniquity, and that nothing but the blood of the incarnate God could cleanse him from all impurity.

His first and greatest care was to impress upon the minds of his hearers the necessity of a true and unfeigned repentance. He earnestly called, yes, my fair friend, he spoke in a voice of thunder to the *self-righteous* Jew and the unbelieving *Greek*, to shake off the shackles of Satan and be made loyal subjects of Heaven's King, and by grace become heirs of his Kingdom. "Knowing the terrors of the Lord," this great Apostle was unceasing in preaching to, praying for, and persuading men to be reconciled to God their Creator, not esteeming *his* life dear to him, if his efforts to win souls were crowned with success. He was a pattern for every Minister and his charge to imitate. We behold in his character every thing to love and admire. His piety shone with resplendent lustre in all he said and did. The zeal and ardor which he manifested in his master's cause, were in proportion to the love he cherished for mankind, which was fathomless as the ocean in depth, and boundless in extent as the world itself; he embraced the whole human family in the arms of his love, and encircled them in his affections. You will readily admit that piety is that knowledge of God which leads us to love and obey him in public and in private. This leading and admirable virtue was the first trait in the moral character of Saint Paul, and it is indispensably necessary to the Christian character in a general point of view. He viewed a Minister who was not called by the Spirit of God to declare the whole tenor of his will; and whose heart was unacquainted with its divine influence, as a *drone* in the world, a *novice* in the Church, and totally unfit to discharge any one duty of the sacred desk.

Unlike the Apostle and his coadjutors, some Ministers of the present day labor chiefly with a view to their own honor and aggrandizement; they preach to please and gain the admiration of men, and with every step they take in ascending the Pulpit, their *parasitical* taste increases, and instead of feeding their flocks with the pure bread of life, they presume to feed them on the husks which the swine are fed upon. An altogether different character was maintained by the Apostle Paul, whose object was to please God, not men. He was true to, and zealous in the cause he embarked, and the truths of the Gospel he had so long and faithfully promulged, he sealed with his blood at an advanced age. Amidst the most violent persecutions of his enemies, and the cruel scourgings he received from those who thirsted for his blood, he remained the same firm, valorous and undaunted soldier, who never "halted between two opinions," but with Christian boldness would enter the enemy's camps, and with Gospel artillery would dare to thunder in the ears of the wicked, *repentance, repentance*. Wherever he went, and on whatever soil his unwearied feet would tread, his warning voice was heard in loud but mild entreaties to its inhabitants, to repent and escape the wrath and vengeance of an angry God.

With an eloquence which carried truth and conviction in its march, he made a haughty Felix tremble and become alarmed, and almost persuaded an Agrippa to embrace Christianity.

With the sword of the Spirit and the armour of righteousness, he engaged in many a battle with fearful odds staring him in the face, but such was his confidence in *Him* who commanded, that he fought and kept fighting, until victory perched upon his standard. You seem to be of the opinion that a close analogy existed between the Apostle and the immortal Founder of the Church in many particulars. It is certain their zeal and ministerial labors were manifested in every act of their lives for the spread of Divine knowledge. They were persecuted and slandered for righteousness' sake; their trials and privations were innumerable; but *grace*, the Christian's strong bulwark, sustained them in their holy efforts to

prostrate the power of Satan, and to build up Christ's Church upon its ruins.

They were alike in their arduous struggle for Religious freedom and emancipation; they looked on this world's treasures as dross, compared with Heaven's riches; they believed that one day, yes, one hour of communion with God, through his spirit, was worth a whole eternity of earthly pleasures and enjoyments.

Having disposed of this part of my *long* (and I fear tedious) letter, I will close with the remark, that your opinion of *Simpson's Plea* for Religion is in the main correct. That book is admirably calculated to awaken and convince, to which will soon follow conversion to God, and a saving faith in his Son. Solitude Sweetened and Pope's Guide to the Young Disciple will assist you much in your devotional exercises. They were a feast to *my* soul, imparting life and comfort as I turned over their respective pages. They will feast *your* soul, if you read them attentively and with a desire to be benefited therefrom. Pray fervently to God to enlighten your mind on every subject pertaining to your salvation, implore his aid to do and act as he would have you, ask him in the name of his Son, to give you his spirit to guide and instruct you in the path of duty, to make you holy in life and conversation, that when you shall lay aside the veil of immortality, you may be received into his everlasting habitations.

I am, Madam, with due regard.

LETTER VI.

JULY 28, 1835.

MY DEAR CHESTNUT :—Your very friendly and agreeable letter came safe to hand by Tuesday's mail, and I have without much delay, given it a reply. When an individual has fallen into distress, his neighbors surround and offer him relief; so when a friend of my heart asks my opinion upon subjects of importance, I give it, and to the best of my abilities endeavor to remove any doubts which may perplex him on matters of deep interest to him or others. The analogies you have drawn, the suggestions made, and opinions formed, are in accordance with the liberal views you have always entertained on all subjects involving the welfare and happiness of your fellow-beings. If there is an individual to be found in this or any other community who frowns upon, and the avenues of whose heart are barred against, the organization of societies and associations which have for their object the general good of mankind, that individual justly merits the censures and reproaches of every good man and lover of his country. A *tacit* or *oral* acknowledgment will never fail to be the result of calm reflection and serious thought, that the mind of man, however cramped or confined within certain limits, is still susceptible of vast improvement, when systematically trained and properly disciplined in the school of nature and ethics. It is there that his intellectual powers are enlarged, every intuitive principle brought into requisition for the purpose of aiding him in establishing for himself a reputation and character, which he finds, as he advances in years, to be of great worth. It is to be deplored, that ignorance and a wicked opposition have followed in the march of moral and intellectual improvements in many portions of our country. Regardless of reason's admonitions and the influence of Christianity, a large portion of our countrymen are seemingly basking in the sunshine of indolence and ease, and are living, to all appearance, as unconscious as the brute, and inactive as the dead, when they should feel it a duty

incumbent on them, to join with others in advancing morality and religion. It is the opinion of those who possess a taste for refinement, and who may desire to participate in the diversified enjoyments of civil society, that the present day associations have been, and will continue to be productive of great and lasting good, if properly nurtured.

By an almost irresistible force, they bring together minds and capacities as different as their faces; they there meet on one common level, where friendship and the kindest feelings pervade each bosom, and the only emulation or zeal evincible among them is, who can impart the largest share of instruction and do the most good to each other, and all who may need their friendly assistance.

It is within the walls of these societies that friendships are formed, which produce in after life the most happy results in the social circle. With us, who would promote the cause of religion and correct morals, every grade and condition of the human family, should be objects of our care and solicitude; as lovers of peace and good order, we should leave no plans unprojected; no means undevoted to arrest the unstable and profligate youths of our country, in their heedless course to ruin's brink, and degradation's jail.

This important object can only be accomplished, by the application of timely and judicious remedies, to produce a cure, and effect a radical change, and when effected, we shall have succeeded in robbing the scaffold of its victim and infamy of its destined prey, by whom the commission of one crime, black in its character as midnight darkness, might have forfeited his life on the altar of insulted justice, and his name, together with his incarceraled body, consigned to utter oblivion and forgetfulness.

Reason's landmark should be presented to him, who knows the *right* but still the *wrong* pursues, as a slave to all the pollutions of our nature. No pains should be spared to enlighten his mind upon moral and religious subjects, and by private invocations and personal persuasions, prevail on him to abandon the paths of folly, and

pursue these of morality and rectitude. The golden rule of "doing to others as we would be done by," should govern us in every act, and regulate our intercourse with the world. It is a command, the observance of which, will secure to its votaries an approving conscience when living, and when dead, their names will be enrolled on the list of philanthropists, who had served a faithful apprenticeship at the trade of doing good. The fruits of their generous labors will be seen by the naked eye, after an elapse of many days, and will be a theme on which the good man will delight to dwell, after their bodies shall have crumbled to dust. Candor will compel every individual, whose mind is not too much warped by prejudice, to admit, that many beneficial effects would accrue from those societies in any country, however deficient that country might be in civilization. A trial has been made in many parts of the world, and the good effects resulting from it are well known:

You are well convinced, my dear Sir, that in every climate beneath the circle of the sun, where the light of Christianity is not obscured, or totally hidden behind the veil of error and superstition; Bible, Missionary and other societies of a kindred nature, would, to a great extent, promote the cause of God and the good of his creatures. You will accord with me in sentiment, that the principle of *moral obligation* should influence every man to good works. But I think, that obligation is more binding on the Christian and Philanthropist. The *Misanthrope* has no part nor lot in this great matter; his heart is too cold and his soul is too lifeless, to engage in an occupation so laudable in its nature, and beneficial in its consequences. Neither his time, pen nor purse, is ever brought into requisition to promote the happiness of his fellow worms, but like the detestable miser—;

Premures up his all, and the rich lives poorer
Than the poorest peasant, whose daily labor
Gives him sustenance and peace.

As nature proclaims aloud in all her works, that *we*, the lords of the soil on which we unobscurely tread, were created by Omnipotence to be happy, it is presumable on every rational supposition, that a large majority

would willingly be made so, if proper measures were pursued by their guardians in age and experience, and their superiors in erudition; to secure them this happiness and contentment. As beings from whom our Creator expects much, let us be at our post of duty, to impart instruction to those who are intellectually starving, and to infuse into their minds, the good man's hope of heaven and happiness. Temperance in all things regulates the morals, and qualifies that man who promotes its cause, for the enjoyment of religious and social duties. Education, in dispensing her blessings, meets the wants of every man, and sends none away empty, who desires to partake of her benefits. Temperance prolongs life, gives us health, and physical strength, and with the assistance of education, we retain all the appendages of the mind to a good old age.

Charity to our fellow beings, is a sacred injunction; it is a virtue which few possess or practise as the Bible bids them do; but he who lives not for himself alone, who supplies the indigent with *spiritual, intellectual* and *bodily* food, receives the approbation of his God, peace pervades his whole soul, and he looks on the scenes around him with a mixture of pleasure and delight. Charity is another name for *love* to God and his creature *man*. In her march to usefulness, she cheerfully enters into the poor man's hut, and with a liberal hand, relieves the spiritual and temporal wants of the suffering inmates; she envies not, she slanders not, but endures all things for the Gospel's sake.

On the other hand, *Selfishness*, which occupies an entire different position in the heart, frowns upon all benevolent institutions; it is the mother of pride and ambition, is closely allied to avarice, and is the polluted stream from whence innumerable evils flow. When deeply rooted in the affections, it becomes the offspring of sloth and inactivity. Some professors of Religion, (to their shame be it said,) sit down contented with the blessings of the gospel, and make no efforts to recommend its benefits to others, whom they know feel the want of that food, which alone can nourish the soul, and fit her for a happier state of existence.

Some people impute the sin of selfishness, to a species of ignorance, and under that cloak, would willingly excuse those who practise it; this is a dangerous delusion; ignorance can never palliate the commission of any crime.

May you, my dear friend, guard against all these vices, promote the cause of God, by aiding the benevolent institutions of the day with your influence and purse, set the Samaritan's part, by healing the bodily and mental wounds, under which you may find your fellow-men suffering. Good news, at all times, enlivens the soul and gladdens the heart, but more particularly so at this juncture, after laboring under a spiritual drought.

May the success which has attended the preaching of God's word in your region of country, continue, until it shall spread throughout our favored land. May the time speedily roll on, when the value of Education shall be duly appreciated, and Religion, the chief concern of every son and daughter of Columbia's soil. May our institutions of learning flourish, and we, as a people, long enjoy peace, prosperity and happiness.

It is time to close, so farewell for the present.

Sincerely yours.

LETTER VII.

August, 1835.

My dear Doctor, I have nothing to write to my
able to scribble on a short letter. My fund of social or
general news is very limited; peace and plenty pervade
all classes of the community, and its appearances are a
good criterion to judge by, as testament reigns undistur-
bed among them. I regretted exceedingly, to hear of your
late indisposition, but I have a kind Providence has by
his time, restored you to perfect health.

As a matter of course, you acknowledged it produced
or a while, melancholy and depression of spirits, and
you felt disposed with Scotland's favorite Poet to say—

The swan that broods the water sings;
Among the reeds the ducklings cry;
The stately Swan majestic swims,
And every thing is bliss but I.

These are unhuman feelings, which you should repulse,
and not suffer them to disturb your mind, which should
be kept composed and settled under every vicissitude of
life. Remember you are a *Christian*, and hence the
world expects you to set up to your profession, which,
under all circumstances, should rule and govern you.

I cannot describe my feelings, on reading the flatter-
ing account you gave of L. G. College, which you say
is grown in strength, since it drew its *infantile* breath-
s increasing fame and future usefulness, will measure-
ly depend on the patronage which it will receive from
abroad.

That which is given it by the patriotic State, which
gave it birth, although respectable in numbers, would,
it, I fear, be sufficient to insure it a permanent support.
Its wants are numerous, and in proportion to these
wants, its expenses will accumulate, and unless they are
promptly met by its home and distant friends, it must
be a *half grown boy*, die ere it has reached its matu-
rity. The Professorship, however, which has lately
been endowed for its benefit, will I hope, secure its per-

petuity, and crown the efforts of its liberal supporters with abundant success. The Institution has my best wishes in conjunction with my prayers, for its long continuance, and as an emporium of Science and learning, may it yearly send out numbers of graduates, duly qualified to defend the doctrines and principles taught within its learned walls. Man without education, is like marble in its natural state, unfit for any purpose; until it is dug up and polished by the chisel of the skilful artist, and so long as he remains ignorant of its advantages, he is incapable of appreciating its value and recommending it to others. The utility of *Free Schools*, established and nurtured by legislative enactments, is too well known to need any additional proofs to convince and persuade. It is to be hoped, that in a few years, those useful *machines* will be established in every State and Territory, by which a very large portion of the heterogeneous mass which composes our Republic, will be taught at least the several branches of an English Education.

Christianity being the first, Education may be designated as the second most valuable boon bequeathed to man, but alas! too many neglect this very essential ingredient in temporal happiness and promotion, and in consequence of this culpable supineness, talents of the first order lie buried under its native rubbish, like unfound diamonds in the bowels of the earth.

Accept, I pray you, of wishes similar in kind, to those you were pleased to express, relative to my future prosperity and well being. Be assured, I place implicit confidence in your declarations of friendship, and shall value them in proportion to the worth of the donor.

A beneficent Providence has continued to bless me with a sufficiency of this world's comforts, and from the allusions which you make relative to *your* own situation, you are one of the beneficiaries of his benevolence and goodness.

Temporarily, your kinsfolk, Ashford, Harcourt and Vanelier, seem to be following in the tide of prosperity, with few or no obstructions. By industry and a judicious management of business, each has added several thousands to his patrimonial estate, which, you know

was originally small; and if success continue to attend their efforts to gather and heap up riches, they cannot fail of leaving ample estates to their children, who have, like themselves, been taught the science of industry, economy and good management. Of their spiritual state and condition, I know but little. They attend the house of worship when health will permit, and they sometimes contribute liberally to the support of the Gospel: but I fear they have substituted riches for Religion, and worship no other God but wealth.

If such be the fact, their riches will drive them farther and farther from God; they will become the slaves of avarice, pride, luxury and other sins, and when summoned to the bar of impartial justice, their riches, instead of screening them from punishment, will add to their guilt and condemnation.

The hour for retiring to bed has arrived, and with it a disposition to cast myself into the arms of the restorative Goddess, where, free from cares and anxieties of mind and body, I shall repose in quietude within her soft embrace, until another morning dawns upon a slumbering world, and its inhabitants arouse to action and to life.

Write often; Your letters will be received and read with pleasure, and answered with promptness. I shall wait with much solicitude for an answer to this communication. In the mean time, and at all times, believe me to be now, as I have hitherto been,

Your friend, sincerely,

LETTER VIII.

To a Clergyman.

SEPTEMBER, 1835.

MY ANN DEAR SIR:—Although I am much your junior in age and experience, yet I am agitated with the belief that you will place the same value upon a communication from me, as from a brother with these requirements to an established character and reputation; and as this is a reply to your paper of — you will, I presume, willingly devote a few moments in its perusal. I was much edified on perusing its contents, but my attention was particularly drawn to that part which referred to the fall and restoration of man. Your views on that subject accord and harmonize with mine, and all who believe in the authenticity of the Bible must admit that it was by the wisdom and power of God, the breath of life, the vital spark, was communicated to man, and he became thereby a living soul, pure and holy, and would have remained so through an illimitable existence, if his subtle enemy, the old Serpent and rebel Angel, had not sought their destruction by his insidious temptations. With the most delicious fruit of Eden's ambrosial soil, he caused the Father and the Mother of all living to transgress that holy law by which they were to be governed and made happy, amidst the shades of that delightful spot selected for their use, and consecrated by the frequent visits of the great I AM. But so soon as they transgressed by eating the forbidden fruit, the great Deliverer was promised, the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world was to bruise the Serpent's head and provide a ransom for this sin against the King of Heaven. At that important period, so long the theme of prophetic song, the Prince of Peace, the *Shiloh*, descended from the court of felicity with terms of reconciliation, to which was annexed a pardon by the shedding of his blood; he dies, and fallen, degraded man, is restored to the love and favor of his God.

It is impossible, Reverend Sir, for you or I or any of Adam's progeny to form a just conception of this wonderful condescension; the finite mind cannot comprehend the depth of this amazing love; it surpasses all human understanding, and no soul can attain unto it. It is higher than the imagination can reach, assisted by the most profound philosophy—deeper than she can fathom, with all her powers of reason and research. But it is so—the Word of God informs us that his only Son, our *Viceregent*, has died for us, and in virtue of his vicarious death, a full atonement has been made, and a *free* salvation granted to his rebellious subjects.

This salvation has been promulged for, upwards of eighteen centuries, by thousands who have obeyed their master's call, and have devoted their lives to his service. Success, beyond all calculations, has crowned their labors, the souls of myriads have been brought from darkness to light, and *my* soul rejoices within me, when I reflect that the Gospel banner has been unfurled among *many* nations of the earth, and she loudly calls upon the blood-stained Cross to witness that it will remain unfurled until it waves in triumph over *all*. The Captain of this salvation has promised, from lips which cannot utter an untruth, that he is ever ready and willing to lead his armies to battle, and has assured them by the unhealed wounds received on Calvary, that if they fight with courage and bravery, they shall in due time obtain a glorious victory. This victory has in part been achieved, but his faithful soldiers, not content with their present success, continue the war with unabating valor, and they have declared to all the nations of the earth, that the sword of the Spirit will not be sheathed, until the enemies of the Cross shall be finally subdued and brought under its control.

I hope with you, Reverend Sir, that the time is not far distant, when the clangor of this holy war will be heard throughout creation's bounds. Thousands, I may say, of new recruits are yearly filling the ranks of this army, many of whom have received the *bounty*, and are anxiously waiting to take the field when bidden by their commander.

The Bible being the revealed will of man, it is therefore the most valuable legacy bequeathed to us; yet it is a lamentable fact that multitudes obstinately refuse to be governed by its precepts, and profanely reject its truths, because (as they affirm) many portions of it are mysterious, and cannot be comprehended. But these objections are as futile as they are absurd and visionary; for what, I would humbly ask, is there in nature, which is not mysterious? We cannot tell, by any rule of artificial or moral reasoning, the process of a grain of corn, how or why it grows and produces one or more ears. We cannot tell how it is that *we* live, move and have a being. All things are more or less mysterious, and they will be clothed in mystery until eternity shall unfold them to our astonished vision. By the atonement of Christ, we are placed on salvable ground and within reach of his mercy; he persuades and entreats, and he or they who obey shall be rewarded with abundant blessings in this, and in a future world.

The infidel and sceptic may rail and scoff at the Religion *we* profess, but it is evident from the whole tenor of the sacred volume, that every soul of man must be washed and cleansed in the lava of regeneration, before he can receive an inheritance incorruptible. In the plainest and most comprehensive language, it warns the sinner to escape the wrath and doom which await him, and declares he must be born of water and the Spirit, or admission into the abodes of peace can never be obtained—of *water*, as a visible sign of an inward change of heart, and of the *Spirit*, which electrifies and fills the inner man with love for God and mankind. Some men are stupid enough to believe that the *mind* is too cramped and unstable to form correct views of a future state, or what may be conceived to be a thorough preparation for the eternal world; but when that active *something* within us is enlightened by the effulgence of Gospel truth, it *grasps* at infinitude, and by one mighty effort, breaks the chain of scepticism, and with a giant's strength, hurls its links at the feet of infidelity, and seeks refuge under the Cross of Christ.

Your observations on the distribution of our time are cogent, and very applicable. We ought to consider it is

a sacred trust committed to us, a part of which is intended for Religious duties, and to prepare for Heaven and its enjoyments—the other, to attend to our temporal concerns, which are not to be neglected. Time is valuable, but the wicked dispose of it as a thing of little importance. They know not its true value, until they have spent a long life in transgressing the laws of God; and when called on to give an account of their stewardship, they shrink from an investigation of the sinful and rebellious course they have pursued.

If I am not mistaken in your character, you have employed your time as a Minister and an accountable being is bound to do. Your zeal has urged you to leave your home and kindred, to declare the truths of the Gospel—and methinks, in the last great day, the many souls you have been instrumental in converting will simultaneously rise up and call you blessed. I am assured, you will steadily pursue the path of duty, and though you can nearly number three score years and ten, you may yet reap another and another harvest, until the infirmities of age compel you to ground the weapons of your warfare, and quit the Gospel field.

For myself, I can answer, that inasmuch as it has never been impressed on my mind to have my name enrolled on the catalogue of Gospel champions, yet I have felt solicitous to do some good for my master, either by private admonitions or by my pen; and if I could be persuaded that my feeble efforts at composition have convinced one immortal soul of the error of his ways, and have changed one heart, I would rejoice in God, my Saviour, and pray for additional aid and assistance to build up, with others, his Church militant on earth.

I know full well the Saviour has died,
 God's Book and my reason say so:
 Though Deists this Saviour have boldly denied,
 'Tis my joy to believe, and onward I'll go,
 Till death calls me hence, and I am no more—
 Then to God my cleansed soul will ascend,
 To love and admire, gaze on and adore
 His goodness, and with him eternity spend.

May you, Reverend Sir, continue to be useful; may many more years be added to your present number, and may health, with that peace of mind which none but Christians feel, attend you in your domestic and public walks; and when *time* with you shall cease, may you be received into Heaven, to enjoy an *eternity* of bliss.

I have heard, with much pleasure, that the work of the Lord is prospering in the hands of his servants in your region of country. You have an able assistant in the Rev. J. N., whose eloquence, zeal and devotedness to the cause of God, have frequently shaken the kingdom of darkness to its base, and compelled the sinner to enquire "*what he must do to be saved.*" May he live to a good old age, and may thousands of converts be the fruits of his ardent and untiring labors.

With us, the work is gradually advancing; but I hope we shall be soon visited with a Pentecostal shower, when the believer will be made to sing Hosannahs in strains of rapture, the mourner happily converted, and the ungodly awakened to a sense of their danger.

If you think as I do, you will say I have said enough for the present; and I will now put by my pen, ink and paper, with a request that you will not *discontinue* the correspondence, which, I assure you, will be edifying and profitable to me, and, if I may judge of your past specimens of composition, it cannot be *unprofitable* to you.

I am, Rev. Sir, your's, obsequiously.

LETTER IX.

MAY, 1833.

MY DEAR CHARLES:—When an individual makes a promise to another, an obligation of a binding nature is imposed, and he should feel himself bound by every honorable feeling to perform that promise, unless some unavoidable circumstances should prevent a compliance. In that case, he would be excused, but in no other would it admit of palliation. Impressed with these views of right and wrong, I have (after the morning business has been adjusted) seated myself in a *crippled-back* chair, for no other purpose than to answer your's of the — inst.; and whilst discharging this pleasant duty, I feel the glow of old-time friendship infusing itself in my inmost soul, which the pen is incapable of describing. When your friendly hand was separated from mine, and perhaps a final farewell on earth pronounced, I repaired to my study, and on my frail body implored the blessings of Heaven to rest upon, and be with you on your journey to your family and friends. For many weeks after your departure, my mind was principally engaged in reflecting upon the pleasant and agreeable discussions on the topics which were casually or intentionally introduced by *you*, our friend *Thurston*, or myself, and while memory performs the task assigned it, I shall never forget the pleasure of the last evening you spent with me, which, if you remember, was closed with the most interesting of all subjects, *the Christian Religion, and the claims it has upon us*.

The positions which you assumed were sustained with much zeal and ability; your arguments on the total depravity of man I thought unanswerable, and your defence in behalf of the *great Atonement* was so plain and forcible, that neither the pen of infidelity nor scepticism could have refuted it.

Your views on these great and weighty matters have, I think, wrought a change in the mind of our friend T.,

whose *Unitarianism* made him almost a *deist*, but I hope the Spirit of *Him* whom *we* worship will enlighten his mind, reform his judgment, and bring him to a knowledge of Divine truths, which are alone able to make him a *new creature*. Your knowledge of, and experience in the general principles of Religion, have long since informed you that true charity is the union of brotherly love, and embraces all men, and as they are the same blood, they compose one vast family, of which God is the great Parent.

If I may be allowed the use of a homely phrase, our friend has never *dreamt* of the exceeding sinfulness of sin and its direful effects. Let us pray for him, and peradventure God may hear, change his heart, and acknowledge him as a son of his adoption.

The detailed account which you gave of the death of one of your neighbors was read with intense interest, which, in connection with a thousand or more of similar instances, speaks volumes in favor of the Christian Religion. The most obstinate disease to which the human system is subjected, is made to yield to the power of medicine, when administered by a skilful physician—so with that false philosophy which has endeavored (though with a feeble arm) to overturn and demolish the foundation on which Christianity is built, and when compared with the truths of unerring Deity, it is compelled to hide its hideous and deformed head under the cloak of self-condemnation. This fabric must, in the hour of death, crumble and fall under the weight of its own nothingness, and reluctantly yield to the force of divine truth.

The philosophy of the world and the Gospel of Christ have ever been opposed to each other, and against it the faithful Minister has waged a perpetual war; the thunders of Heaven have showered down anathemas upon all who embrace and are governed by it; and would you consent to risk your happiness in eternity, by pursuing a course so murderous to the soul? *I am disposed to think you would not.*

For the honor of his name, the Lord is said to be jealous, and will not receive a *part* when he is entitled to the *whole* of our worship; he abhors a service where the

affections are divided, and will neither hear nor accept of prayers uttered with the *lips*, where the *heart* is not firmly fixed upon him. You inform me of the determination you have entered into, of living nearer a throne of Grace. I am pleased to hear it, and hope you will convince the profane and careless (by your walk and conversation) that your profession is sincere. You complain of the great loss you will sustain by the past summer's drought. Permit me here to remark, that in lieu of complaints, you should return thanks for your life and health and a sufficiency to subsist upon, which thousands of your fellow-beings are denied. Can you expect to reap an abundance of what you sow and plant, from one year to another? Can you suppose you are to receive a continuance of *good* and not a *portion* of evil? Do you expect to navigate your ship on a sea unruffled by waves, and not tossed *hither* and *yonder* by adverse winds? Cease your complaints. They do not comport with your profession, nor with that equanimity of temper which your friends have conceded to you.

By way of conclusion, I will acquaint you with the visit I recently paid the amiable family of W. L. who made particular enquiries about their friends, Charles, James and Douglass. Thomas has embarked in the mercantile business, I hope he will meet with the success he anticipates, but without prudence and caution, I fear he will share the fate of others who have been shipwrecked upon the sandy shoals of adventurous speculation.

Alexander is the same indolent; inactive *drone*, who does nothing for a support. He attempts to play the fine gentleman, when his purse is replenished with money—but like the *ape*, he performs that character very awkwardly. Idleness brings a man to poverty and shame: therefore, as you see the injurious effects resulting from it, do not encourage it in yourself, nor suffer any other, over whom you have control, to indulge in it.

Farewell. Your friend.

LETTER X.

JULY, 1836.

MY DEAR DOUGLASS:—From my earliest recollection, I have heard it is never too late to do good, and I will take the liberty of adding, to perform an act of duty; and as a friend, you have resumed the very agreeable correspondence which, from some cause unknown to me, was discontinued. I am pleased to learn you continue to be a sharer of the variegated blessings and comforts of life, and if I were of an envious disposition, I might be induced to envy or grudge your happiness and prosperity, as hundreds do, whose hearts are saturated with the odious sin of *selfishness*, and who live and seemingly care for no one but themselves.

In my last letter to our friend James, I advised *him*, as I now do *you*, to pay close attention to business, which your good sense and experience tell you, cannot attend to itself, and to observe economy in the management of your affairs. It is not from any apprehension that you are guilty of the sin of indolence, that I advise you, but it is simply for the purpose of urging you to redouble your diligence in discharge of the honorable vocation you now follow with promptness and decision. Industry is one of the duties enjoined upon mankind by the moral law, and the man who neglects to attend to its requirements violates its precepts and stands amenable to all its penalties. The knowledge you have acquired in agricultural pursuits, has put you in possession of the fact, that much skill and management are required on a farm which embraces as extensive operations as yours.

It has generally been admitted that economy, with her twin sister industry, is the road which leads to wealth—and in proportion to its accumulation, the heart of the philanthropist is expanded and his hands extended to relieve the poor and distressed. Benevolence is a virtue which God loves and Christ approves; it is the handmaid of Religion, the child of Heaven; it begets an approving conscience, and those who practise it with pure

and disinterested motives have the smiles of Heaven resting upon them.

Surrounded by *earthly* blessings, such as *wife, children* and *friends*, with a moderate share of wealth, which you are permitted to enjoy, it delights me to learn you are still aiming at heavenly treasures, and are living for God and the good of his Church. You have imposed a task upon me which I shall fail to perform, but as the request is made by a bosom friend, I will attempt it, and hope you will throw the veil of charity over its imperfections. On ordinary occasions, delicacy and a self-respect would forbid me to speak of myself, but to rehearse a plain statement of facts which have a direct bearing on my conviction and subsequent conversion, will admit, I presume, of palliation, and a release from all censure granted me.

As the 17th century was about to recede, and become lost amidst the shades of time gone by, and the 18th about to dawn upon the world, my *natural* birth occurred, under circumstances peculiarly pleasing to my affectionate parents, who drank to the very dregs the bitter cup of affliction, in the loss of two elder sons by the irresistible stroke of death.

I advanced to manhood as rapidly as most of youths in my delicate state of health and a constitution naturally infirm. I was early taught by an affectionate mother (my father having died at an early period of my life) the principles of virtue and morality, in connection with the *ground work* of the Christian Religion. But as I advanced in years, the depravity of my nature, added to an obdurate and stubborn heart, led me into the beaten and frequented paths of sin. I preferred the pleasures and vanities of the world to the pure and lasting happiness which the humble Christian enjoys in the service of God, his Creator.

The peaceful and pleasant paths of rectitude and Religion were supplanted by those of sin and wickedness—ball-rooms and parties of festivity were my delight, and other grades of dissipation, equally if not more hurtful to my soul, engrossed my thoughts, and literally fished from me every relish for Religion and divine subjects, every particle of taste for serious and sober reflection.

To keep pace with the fashion of the times, I was occasionally seen occupying a seat in the house of worship, and sometimes, on hearing a heart-searching sermon, would ponder and meditate a moment or two on *death, judgment* and a *future state*; but my love for the world repulsed and drove those feelings from my heart, and I was at all times ready to obey orders from the Prince of Darkness, my master, his Satanic Majesty.

In this awful situation, I remained floating on the wide ocean of iniquity, tossed and buffeted from one side to another, by every wave of its pernicious fluid, which beat heavy against my soul, until the memorable revival of 1831, under the ministry of the Rev. J. C. and others, whose zeal and united efforts on that occasion will long be remembered by many who were blessed with a change of heart, and a thorough knowledge of sins forgiven. It was then and there that the God of mercy and love was pleased to arouse me from my lethargy by his Spirit; it was then and there that this Spirit opened my long-closed eyes, convinced me of sin, and exposed to my mind's eye my situation as a sinner in the sight of God.

I commenced my new plan of reformation (which all penitents must do) by putting every faculty of my soul in motion, to accomplish, as speedily as possible, a reconciliation between my offended Creator on the one part and my polluted and guilty soul on the other. Prayers as sincere as my fallen nature would allow, were offered up for the remission of sins, which I, in the wickedness of a wicked heart, did most wickedly commit; but day after day and night on night rolled away, and no ray of divine light shone into my soul. I ceased not to pray—I continued with unwearied diligence to ask, seek and knock; which resulted in my conversion to God on the night of the 25th November, in the year above alluded to. The Holy Spirit, the third person in the mysterious Trinity, is but God himself, whom he willingly gives to all men who plead for pardoning grace through the Son of his love. This happy change, wrought by a divine agency, I can with truth call my *Spiritual* birth, a birth far more glorious and important than man in his natural state can possibly conceive; it is a birth on which Angels

tune their harps and sing in rapturous melody the unlimited atonement and free grace of the Lord our Saviour; it is a birth which just men, made perfect, rejoice at in Heaven—and so soon as the change is wrought, the recording Angel, ever mindful of the part he acts, with a steady pen, dipped in the rivulet of redeeming love, makes a record of the same in the Lamb's Book of Life. The wretched victim of Algerine or Russian vengeance and cruelty, rejoices with unspeakable joy when some philanthropic heart purchases his ransom, and he is again permitted to inhale the genial air of liberty; it was so with me, and it will be so with every sinner who is rescued from the slavery of sin and made free from Satan's bondage.

I hope no man of sound sense will laugh at me, when I compare sin to a jail or prison-house, and Satan the jailer or keeper, who confines the sinner in his chains, and none but Christ can open the prison door and release him from his hard and tyrannic grasp.

I have now performed the task assigned me, and will close with a few remarks on the melancholy scene I have just witnessed. Another coffin has been made, another grave has been dug, and in it, the remains of a child, the hope of her parents, have been deposited.—The bud had but scarcely bloomed, when death, impatient for his prey, has nipped it, ere it had time to display its beauties.

Sweet blossom, thou art cut down and withered, but only to be transplanted in a richer and more congenial soil, where thou wilt flourish in all the beauty and grandeur of a glorified seraph forever.

Your friend always.

LETTER. XI.

AUGUST, 1836.

MY DEAR CHARLES:—During my short stay in F. I met with some dozen or more of friends, with whom you and I have spent many happy and agreeable hours in days of *auld lang sine*. They received me with hearty gratulations, and when an intentional or accidental mention was made of your *honorable* name, particular enquiries were immediately made relative to your health and prosperity, and on being informed you were in health and doing well, a mingled feeling of joy and gratification beamed in their countenances, at the recital of such pleasing intelligence. I saw Mrs. L., the late Miss G., whom you once looked at with *one* or *both* of Cupid's eyes. She deserted the rank of single blessedness some nine or twelve months since, and united herself in marriage to a gentleman of talents and fortune, who, in the common acceptation of the term, appears to be a *clever fellow*. I passed off a very pleasant evening with them, and was charmed at witnessing her skill and dexterity in the management of her domestic affairs.—She is now bearing the fruits of matrimony, and looks unusually interesting. F. has increased in population a third or one-half, since our time, most of the old and dilapidated dwellings have been repaired, and within the past twelve months, several large and commodious brick stores have been built, which add much to the general appearance of the Town. When I commenced this letter, it was my intention to have said more about this favored spot of earth, but I must leave this, and touch no other subject, until I acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the —, and to tender you my cordial congratulations on your union with the amiable Miss E. G.—From your movements when I last saw you, and the innuendoes which you very cautiously threw out, I was induced to believe you were anxious to change a bachelor's for a married life, and it appears my impressions

were not founded upon false and mistaken premises.— When the circumstances under which this change has been made, are viewed in a proper light, nothing more nor less need be said, that you have now done an act which you should have done eight or ten years ago, and you certainly merit the commendation of every friend of matrimony, for making the most judicious choice of the two alternatives.

I believe the general opinion prevails, that the ladies are in favor of *union*, if so, it is presumable you had not many obstacles to remove, in winning the heart and hand of her, whom dame fortune has selected to share with you the comforts and enjoyments, or the ills and disappointments of life, which are as apt to visit you as any other individual. You will accept my best wishes for a long, happy and prosperous career in the connubial state in which a large share of comfort is enjoyed, and by which our happiness is materially enhanced, where there is a congeniality of sentiment and feeling between the husband and wife, who are in a scriptural sense, one and the same flesh, and whose affections for each other should be as lasting as their lives. The responsibility you have incurred, will cause you to take heed to those things, and receive instruction from the experience of others, be careful to pay due attention to that *inward monitor*, which, (if you act your part well,) will not fail to guide and direct you in the path of virtue and honor.

When you shall have taken possession of the patrimony bequeathed to you by your deceased father, and have entered upon the business of a farmer, you will act wisely by consulting the most experienced and practical of your neighbors on the different branches of agriculture; by doing this, you will be relieved from many perplexities, and be the hindering cause of your committing errors, which you may not discover, until too late to counteract their injurious effects. Pay attention to your business, and waste no time, keep in view the probability of having a family of children to support, provide for the future, the present will soon be a copartner with the past, and both will be ingrafted in an eternity gone by. If I were writing to an acquaintance, or an individual for whom I

cherished but an ordinary friendship, I might not trouble him with a lengthy epistle, but as the distinguished personage to whom I now write, is Charles Randolph, I cannot close until I shall throw together a few brief remarks on the subject of Religion, which you have *professed*, and which you must *possess*, if you wish to enjoy heaven after death. It is the source where unalloyed happiness and contentment spring, and to use a borrowed sentiment, "it is the image of God stamp't upon Human Nature, refining its baseness, enriching its poverty, healing its maladies, and converting its wants into abundant plenty. It is the fairest flower that opens on earth, the sweetest incense that ascends to the skies."

Religion must be the theme of our song, the harp on which to tune our notes of praise to God while on earth, that we may use that theme, and touch the strings of the same harp in heaven, in ascribing praise and honor to his name for the rich provisions of his grace.

It makes earth a little heaven, and our souls fit temples for his spirit to dwell in, then I would humbly ask in the name of every thing valuable on earth and in heaven, what intelligent being should live a week, a day or an hour without it? Not one.

The banner of the Cross has been unfurled, and *all mankind* will soon be invited to enlist under it, and as ~~you profess to be one of its recruits, I conjure you to~~ fight until you shall win the crown, and reap an abundant share of the sweets of Paradise.

Religion 'tis my chief delight,
I think upon it day and night,
'Tis what I want on earth below,
'Tis always *that* I wish to know—
Some men tho' *rich* are *poor* without it,
And by their lives they seem to doubt it,
Live without peace, and hope and God,
And die beneath his awful rod.

Your friend always.

LETTER XII.

SEPTEMBER, 1836.

MY DEAR JAMES :—If I had consulted my feelings, which are by nature more or less inert, or had indulged a disposition of forgetfulness, I might not have taxed you with the postage of this letter, but as you are closely allied to my friend Charles, I cannot but flatter myself, it will be kindly received and read with little or no grumbling. As you will soon bid a final farewell to the third stage of human life and enter upon that of manhood, you are doubtless fully apprised, that diligence, industry and a proper improvement of time, are indispensable to the acquisition of every thing valuable to mankind. The station you will soon occupy in society, is one which involves great responsibility, and from the regular and systematic manner you have been raised, and the untarnished reputation which your family has sustained amidst changes and revolutions of various kinds, much will be expected from you by an *eagle-eyed* community.

When you arrive at the threshold of manhood, exercise prudence and caution in every step you take. Remember you have a character to establish, an honest fame to support, and if you act the part of the wise and prudent, you will “contemplate human nature, not only in the sun-shine, but in the shade. If you wish to sail on an unruffled sea, if you wish your pathway to be smooth and level, let Reason dictate and Conscience direct you in all your movements. Do not forget that sincerity and truth form the basis of every virtue, and in your journey through life, you may meet with disappointments and distresses of this or that kind, yet they are often blessings in disguise. From the wise and prudent admonitions you have often received at College and under the parental roof, you can be at no loss for *materials* to build a foundation on which to erect an edifice of honor and esteem for yourself, and worthy of the honorable source from whence you sprang.

As economy is the road to wealth, so education is a direct pathway to eminence and usefulness, and as you are then blessed with a collegiate education, you may have but few obstructions thrown in your path to mar and disturb the mind. As a friend, and one who venerates the name you are called by, allow me to say to you, do not disappoint the anxious expectations of your father, who has spared no pains nor expence to give you an education, nor the earnest desires of your instructors to see you among the distinguished individuals of our country, who are made so by intellectual acquirements and a suitable education. You have these helps, and on your industry and application, your advancement in the profession you may select will entirely depend. Enrich your mind with such knowledge as will be profitable and lasting, read with care and attention such works as will give you correct notions of your duty to God and your neighbor. The first step you should take after you have commenced the study of the law, (which you say is to be the theatre of your future movements,) is to form and adhere to studious and regular habits, which you will be very apt to retain when a licentiate if you act as *conscience* will direct you. In your intercourse with the world, let moderation, self-respect, curtesy, and a respect for all good men, be among the first lineaments of that character you wish to establish in society. Without these, you may gradually, (if not in some instantanous moment,) fall into errors and inconsistencies, which may require the labor of years to remedy and correct. Nature is the same *now* as *when* she was created from nothing. No change in her composition can be seen or felt, hence, you cannot make good men respect, nor had men fear you, if you have not those ingredients of character to win the love of one, and beget the fear of the other. In proportion as your years multiply upon you, experience and observation will teach you that these things *are* true, and not mere fiction, as some may imagine, and if you will be governed by *them*, and influenced by Religion, you will share largely of heaven's blessings, which are unsparingly bestowed upon the man who lives in the discharge of all his duties, and who has

a conscience unfettered with remorse and guilt. While in the discharge of your professional duties, you will be thrown among all grades of people, whom you will find good or bad, virtuous or vicious, but your good sense and self-respect will persuade you without much argument, to imitate the virtues of the former and shun the vices of the latter, and whether you remain in your present limited sphere, or be elevated by your Fellow-Citizens or their *Representatives*, to a more responsible station, endeavor to square your actions by the rule of justice, and be governed by the standard of truth.

I do not condemn your choice of professions, but if I had had the selection, I might have pointed you to one in which you might have been more useful, especially to the souls of your fellow beings. I readily admit you may be a Christian in a Lawyer's garb as in any other, yet you must remember, the Law is a theatre on which scenes are sometimes acted, which would be hurtful to a professor of Religion, if he became a party concerned. To be a Lawyer and a Christian, in its true sense, a man must be well fortified with heavenly grace to avoid falling on the rocks and quicksands of vice; and unless he is alive to his eternal interests, by keeping the weapon of prayer sharpened by constant use, he will find it a hard task to resist the many temptations which the enemy of his soul may throw in his way. At an early age, you sought, and I hope you have found peace with your God. Suffer nothing to impede your progress in your Christian course; he will fulfil what he has promised.—Your kinsman G. has informed me, that my friend Plunket has been sick. This pains me much, but I flatter myself with the belief, that a good Providence will restore him to speedy health. When you see him, tell him he still lives in my affections, and when seated amidst my family around the fire-side, my mind recurs back with pleasure to the days we have happily spent together.—The worthy family of your early and steadfast friend, Mortimer, is still basking in the sun-shine of prosperity. Miss A. is yet unmarried, and is as amiable and interesting as when you had the pleasure of her company. By competent judges, Miss A. is esteemed handsome, and

no one is more disposed than myself, to concede to her this gift of nature, so much admired and valued. Her mind is as elegant as her face, her retiring modesty, added to her other admirable traits of character, declares how far that mind has been cultivated. She is a model for the young to imitate, and I presume the old will not deny her the meed of praise she so justly merits. I must close this letter more abruptly than I wish, having just received a small bundle of letters and papers, which you know must be attended to. Be diligent and attentive to your studies, recollect that *time*, (which Doct. Franklin compared to money,) flies fast, and will not wait for any moment to be retrieved, which has been incautiously lost.

Affectionately, yours.



LETTER XIII.

MARCH, 1837.

MY DEAR DOUGLASS:—By a reference to my letter book, I find my last to you bears date July 1836, and after a silence of eight long months, have resumed my pen to answer yours of the 15th ult.

You have been at the threshold of the grave, on the confines of eternity. You have been sick and nigh unto death, but the Lord whom you serve, and in whom you confide, has been merciful, and you are again blessed with your usual health of body and strength of mind. When I meditate on the narrow escape you have made from the cold grasp of the *grim monster*, methinks you would have given the mines of Peru or the wealth of India, (if you had possessed them,) to some earthly Monarch, if in the nature of things he could have arrested the progress of the *Common Leveller* of mankind. But an idea of this sort is as absurd as it is *unscriptural*.

God alone, the Monarch of Heaven, possesses the power to kill and make alive, to prostrate and build up; he works as he pleases, and where is the man who dares to dispute with him while exercising these prerogatives?

You must attribute your recent recovery from a languishing bed, to God's unbounded benevolence and mercy. His arm is not shortened that it cannot save, neither is his ear heavy that it cannot hear.

This unmerited mercy and stupendous benevolence, must doubtless increase your love and gratitude, and constrain you to be more zealous and vigilant in running your Christian course. They must have convinced you of your unworthiness and imbecility, and of your dependence on Him, who sustains all things by his power, but who could with one stretch of his omnipotent arm, annihilate the whole.

When you are assailed by Satan, you will bear in mind that the spirit and grace of God are sufficient in themselves to support you under temptations. He is a subtle and dangerous enemy, and knows when and where to attack, but as you are a disciplined soldier, you will keep a good look out and defeat him at every point he may assail. It is not my purpose to flatter or excite in your mind a belief, that your heart is more impregnable to those assaults than other professing Christians, when I say, that your experience in matters of Religion must by this time convince you, that faith and good works are the essentials by which the Christian character can be sustained. Apart from these, our pretensions to a holy life will be nugatory, and in the language of that book, declared to be the revealed will of God, "they are as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal." To build a hope of happiness on our own merits, is a most palpable absurdity, and exposes those contracted views and notions we, or rather a large portion of the *Adamic* family entertain of God and his *will*. We cannot, we dare not lay any other foundation but what has been laid in and through the *Shilo*, the Saviour and source of all happiness in time and eternity.

Saint Paul plainly declares, that "faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."

and without this faith, no man can serve God acceptably, nor obey him with that sincerity of heart, which his purity and holiness require. God, we are informed, is a spirit, and they who worship him are required to do so in sincerity and truth. To worship him in any other manner, would be a solemn mockery.

When we reflect upon the multitude of witnesses to the truths of divine revelation, it amounts to an impossibility, that any individual can ignorantly err, and no plea will be heard in that day when the secrets of every heart will be exposed, and the hypocrite and self-righteous receive their just reward.

The scriptures are explicit on the doctrines of the *New Birth*, a change from *nature* to *grace*, and the *Baptism* of the Holy Spirit, and we certainly rob ourselves of those inestimable privileges, by not living up to this standard of holiness. That there was a Saviour from the first moment sin entered into the world, no believer in Holy writ will deny. The patriarchs and prophets, through the telescope of faith, viewed him as the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world, and in virtue of that faith based upon the promise, that "the seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head," they were brought under the dominion of grace, and made partakers of the pardoning love of God by and through that faith. *They* were saved in the belief, that he was to be incarnated; *we* are saved by his death, who on the Cross, supported a sinking world with one hand, and the other he reached to heaven and brought salvation to rebellious man.

It is a fact lamentable to reflect upon, that thousands in this enlightened day, obstinately refuse to obey the requirements of the Gospel, and thousands more seem to be satisfied with the outward form, but are ignorant of the inward operations of the spirit.

This ignorance, (if it can be so called,) proceeds from a contracted faith, or incorrect views of the nature and efficacy of the atonement, and those who live and die under this delusion, fall far short of the end for which they were made. You ask for information on the rise and progress of that branch of the Church to which you

belong: Fearing I may fail in giving you a satisfactory history, I beg leave to refer you to a sermon delivered on that subject in the year 1826, by the late Rev. F. Garretson, and also to a more detailed account in a work written in England by the Rev. W. C. These helps will enable you to form a more correct opinion relative to us as a *Church*, than any history I could give. From spiritual subjects, I will now turn for a few moments and attend to those of a worldly character, and your wishes with regard to certain particulars, shall be gratified as far as I may be competent to the task.

The Metropolis of the State, as you might very correctly suppose, is a pleasant, healthy, and desirable place, in which is done a considerable business, which will, I presume, greatly increase when the Rail Road now in operation shall be completed. It contains five Churches, three Political; and one Religious Newspaper patronized by our Baptist brethren; and an elegant Court House, which reflects much honor on those who erected it.

I cannot omit giving the *North-Carolina Book Store*, a passing notice, among other things. It is certainly one of the most splendid collection of Books in the United States. From it, Colleges, Academies and Schools are supplied; and the lovers of literature, taste and refinement are largely indebted to its proprietors for their indefatigable exertions in sustaining the establishment.— I never deal in exaggeration, and if you were here to examine it, you would acknowledge the half was not told you of its elegance and splendor. It is to be regretted, you have not such an establishment in the far West, whence your Colleges and Academies might with no great difficulty be supplied with books of every description. The Supreme Court of the State adjourned a few weeks since. For talents and legal attainments, its members are not inferior to any body of the same grade in the Union. From the decisions of that tribunal, there is no appeal; before it, all litigations are adjusted, and justice impartially administered to the body politic. Its decisions are acknowledged to be the Supreme Law of North Carolina, and no man can be so opposed to the

principles of good government, as to utter a complaint against them.

I beg leave, my dear friend, to be excused from expressing an opinion on the general character of the individual to whom you allude. We should refrain from uttering the truth of a bad man, if in withholding it, society would sustain no injury. Truth is powerful and irresistible, when brought to bear upon the conduct of men, yet there are circumstances under which it would be unwise and impolitic to divulge it. All good men are guardians of the public weal, and when it becomes necessary to purge society of its filth and dross, the potent arm of *Truth* may then be wielded to secure its peace and good order. I am truly gratified to learn, that our young friend, James, is assiduously devoted to his studies. Encourage him by reason and argument to act the good man's part in all things, to pursue steadily the path of Religion and rectitude, while the bloom of manhood encircles his brow, that when his locks shall be changed from *black* to *white*, he may be buoyed up with the pleasing and consoling reflection, of having discharged his duty to God and his fellow creatures. I presume you have heard ere this, through the medium of the public prints, of the late melancholy affair at the seat of the General Government, which resulted in the immediate death of one of the party. I am opposed to the practice of duelling, believing it to be a species of barbarism disgraceful and anti-christian in its character. Can mortal man think he has a right to dispose of himself as he pleases?

An idea of this kind is revolting to every principle of our holy Religion and the laws of God. I never conceived that true courage or bravery consisted in one man robbing another of his life in single combat. A man's honor does not compel him to shed the blood of his fellow man under any circumstances where *self-preservation* is not jeopardised. It is nothing more nor less than a wicked heart, which prompts him to such flagitious means to obtain satisfaction (as he may conceive it) for a supposed or imaginary injury or insult received from his fellow. Methinks human nature must shudder and weep

at the thought of her own depravity, and would willingly avert this, and all other dreadful evils, if she could, by any delegated or self-originating power, dismantle herself of her imbecility. I hope the time is fast approaching, when this barbarous, this fiendish practice, will be totally abolished, and the laws of God and man no longer insulted and trampled upon by men of honor (so called by the world) who, it appears, cannot adjust their differences in any other way but at the point of the sword or the muzzle of the pistol. But enough of this.

My paper admonishes me that it is time to close, but I feel an unwillingness to do so, until I am permitted to exhort you to be prepared for death, that whether he appears in a hasty or protracted summons, you may be received into the *Sanctum Sanctorum* or Holy of Holies, where your God, the Supreme Architect of the universe, presides, ready, on your entrance, to deck your head with a crown of glory, which you will be permitted to wear through a ceaseless eternity.

Your's, as usual.

LETTER XIV.

JUNE, 1838.

MY DEAR MADAM:—If I did not believe that a large portion of your time was occupied in attending to your domestic avocations, I might be induced to reproach you for your silence, which I imputed to a careless indifference in fulfilling a promise, voluntarily made on your part, which was (if your memory has not betrayed you) to continue this correspondence, which has had an existence of some years, and which has been, with the exception of short intervals, uninterrupted.

The apology you offer, though I required none in my last communication. I feel bound, upon the principles of courtesy and politeness, to accept, but am at a loss to conjecture the cause of delay in its transmission; but be that as it may, the contents were gratifying to my feelings, inasmuch as they communicated the pleasing intelligence of the continued good health of yourself and family, and you have my best wishes for a long enjoyment of *that*, with other blessings, which are the gifts of a kind and indulgent Providence.

I have placed it out of your power to upbraid me *now*, as you have done, for not yielding to the wishes of H. W. in consummating a union with the daughter of our friend G. T. The only objection I urged was her youth and inexperience, but upon mature consideration, I have removed all opposing obstacles. They are *now* united by a tie which no power but death can dissolve—and I think it will not require months or years to convince him that he has made a judicious choice, which I hope will receive the smiles of Heaven.

“A desire of happiness is implanted in the heart of every *rational* creature, and the Author of our being has graciously placed within our reach those means by which it may be obtained. Hence, we see all mankind, as soon as they arrive to years of discretion, in pursuit of that which they suppose will confer upon them this inestima-

ble gift. But the paths they pursue in order to find it are very diversified." Our young friend has obeyed the dictates of this desire, and has acted up to that principle ingrafted in him by nature. He appears to be truly happy with her whom he tenderly loves, and from visible signs, I have every assurance to believe the love is reciprocal. I cannot be alone in the opinion, that no word in the English language is more *mangled* and *perverted* in its definition, than happiness. It is supposed by some to consist in a superabundance of wealth; by others, in fame, honors and pleasures; and to acquire all or either of these, they are engaged both early and late. But I will simply ask the question, do our reason and judgment tell us that happiness is to be found in those pursuits? Certainly not.— If we could satisfy our minds that affluence would increase our happiness, yet all our efforts to amass wealth may prove unsuccessful, or after it has been acquired, we may be deprived of it by some unforeseen misfortune.

To their possessors, wealth, fame and honor lose their influence, and are as a rope of sand, in the hour of death, and how awful must that summons appear to him who has been laying up treasures on earth and not in Heaven! "His dreams of happiness will *then* pass away as the morning cloud, and he will go down to the dark chambers of the grave, regretting that he had been so unwise as to risk his hopes of happiness on such sordid and visionary objects." The anxious enquirer may ask, in what do I conceive true happiness to consist? I answer, in contentment and a mind undisturbed with cares, a conscience void of offence towards God and man, a life devoted to Religion, and walking in the path of duty with a steady and unwavering step. There, and only there, may it be found in all its natural loveliness. This happiness is as firm as the pillars of Heaven, and as lasting as eternity; its possessors have nothing to dread, though they may be forsaken by the world; though persecutions and afflictions come like an overwhelming torrent, they smile at, and remain unmoved against them all; their hopes of happiness are fixed on God, in whose promises they confide, and under whose smiles they live while on earth,

A Poet of unrivalled celebrity remarks, that there is a tide in the affairs of men, which, in its ebbings and flowings, brings either prosperity or adversity; and I will add, that in consequence of *that* cause producing such an effect, it creates, on the one hand, *pride, avarice*, and a *love* of the things of earth, and on the other, murmurings, discontent and envy, which I unceasingly pray to be delivered from, and live in subjection to the will of *Him* who regulates and governs all things by his wisdom and power. To the Christian, like yourself, my dear Madam, (and I think I may include myself,) this world has few or no charms. Many years since, you have forsaken it and its vanities, and have chosen that good part which wicked men or devils cannot take from you, if you persevere and are faithful to your life's end. Riches, far more valuable than gold or silver, are kept in store for you, and when your mind dwells upon the many mercies and blessings which God has lavished upon you in a scriptural and temporal sense, you are encouraged to press forward with redoubled ardor and zeal in the path of duty, which will ultimately lead to life everlasting. As no mortal eye can penetrate the veil of futurity, it is not for me to say, or even to conjecture, what awaits me in life. Like yourself, I have cast the world behind me, and feel that I am a stranger and pilgrim on earth, ~~and would not~~ exchange my hope of Heaven and happiness for all its wealth and honors :

A conscience clear, a temper mild,
A spirit calm and meek,
A soul that's sinless as a child,
I humbly crave and seek.

I ask not worldly wealth or fame,
I seek no glittering toys :
All are to me an empty name—
I pant for Heavenly joys.

There is no situation in life in which a man may be placed, however humble, but he may be instrumental in doing good. With cheerfulness, I accede to your wishes, and sincerely hope I may be made the humble instrument in removing certain doubts and fears which have been harrassing Gorham's mind for some time past. He must

33

not forget that Jehovah wills the death of no man. The fact should be firmly fixed in his mind, that Christ's blood (who died for all mankind) can cleanse his soul of sin and pollution; consequently, if he have sinned in *thought, word or deed*, he should hasten without delay to the strong for strength, pour out his soul in prayer at the footstool of mercy, and he has God's own word that he shall have peace and comfort imparted to him.

Place the Bible in his hands, tell him to read it attentively, urge him to rely upon the truths it contains, and the clouds which now hang in thick darkness over his spiritual horizon, will eventually disperse, and the light of God's gracious countenance will shine with brilliancy through his soul, and he made to rejoice again in his pardoning love. He must be unceasing in his prayers for *supporting* grace under the assaults and temptations of Satan. The Rev. Mr. Buck defines grace as the free love and favor of God: it discovers itself by an increase of spiritual light and knowledge, by our renouncing self, and placing our whole dependence on Christ, who is the Saviour of all who believe, but the Lion of the tribe of Judah to the sinner. It is the effect of a living faith in the merits of Christ, which is appended to, and is the consequence of Regeneration; it produces a peace and calmness in the soul, which the unregenerated cannot comprehend. "By its aid, our distresses are diminished, our grief lessened, our love enlarged, it restrains our ambition and refines our affections." By it we are supported under afflictions, we can triumph in our troubles, and in our conflicts with Satan and the flesh, we can rejoice in a well grounded hope of tasting hereafter the sweet waters which flow in gentle streams through the fields of unsullied bliss.

With its influence, we exercise *patience* in tribulation; no disposition of revenge lurks in the heart, to disturb its peace; kindness and mercy are extended to our enemies, and we embrace the whole world in the arms of friendship and love.

This precious gem, which, to the world of mankind, is of little importance, is viewed by the humble Christian as a blessing, the worth of which is not within the reach

of his conception. It removes all obstructions, and makes level and smooth the path to Heaven. It is a safeguard to the Christian in his journey through life, and when he is laid on a bed of death, an arm unseen sustains him, and when the last struggle of nature has ceased, his soul is admitted into the presence of God, where he is permitted to eat with a delicious relish the marriage supper of the Lamb.

I will now take my leave of Gorham, to reflect upon the suggestions I have made touching his present situation, and attend to that part of your letter asking advice as to the course best to be pursued with your son Junius. I think a young man's wishes should be gratified in making choice of any particular profession to which the scope of his mind might lead him, and as you inform me *his* has a strong predilection for *medicine*, I would advise you to give him such an education as that profession requires and demands. His health being somewhat delicate, I would recommend a Southern, in preference to a Northern College. R. M. stands deservedly high as a seminary of learning; so does *our own* College, with those of C. and L. G. farther South. I presume you will be at no loss to make a selection, and as procrastination is hurtful and dangerous in small matters, it is far more so in important ones. I therefore advise you to consume as little time as possible in your arrangements. The sooner he enters upon his Collegiate course, the better; and as I have said to others, I say to you, *time* is valuable, it waits for no one, and no moment should be lost, which might be profitably employed.

I hope you will gratify your desire, by visiting this part of the State. My *better part* and self would be more than ordinarily pleased to receive a visit from you. A fair opportunity would then be given us to talk over old matters and rehearse former friendships, with the feelings and warmth of true friendship. I value *true friendship* as much as epicures do old wine, which is said to be superior to all others; and as that kind of friendship is a rare ingredient in the composition of many, it receives a large share of my esteem, whenever and among whomsoever I may find it. You know, however,

we are bound by the ties of a common kindred to love one another, being the children of one family, and that family having the same parent to teach and instruct us in our duty to Him and ourselves, as sons and daughters of the same lineage, our hearts and purses should be kept open to relieve the wants of suffering humanity.

It is said of Gen. Washington, that he always relieved virtuous poverty, whenever he met with it, as its wants demanded. He well knew that in giving his goods to feed the poor, he was acting in obedience to the law of God, as well as imparting pleasure to his generous soul. Let us follow that great and good man's example, and ever bear in mind that whatever is given to the poor is lent to the Lord.

I saw our friends in P. a short time since. They enjoy good health. Miss S. is the same amiable and interesting lady. Report says she will soon exchange the *Miss* for the *Mrs.*; but as you know that *little thing* is sometimes officious and meddlesome, I imagine no one will be accused of *incredulity* if he refuse to join the little babbler in retailing it as a matter of fact.

It has been remarked that Clergymen and other public speakers should never weary their audience with long sermons and addresses. By the same parity of reasoning, you may urge the necessity of letter writers being more laconic. Under this impression, I shall close this letter with a hope that you will pardon me if I have been guilty of this fault. I wrote as my feelings dictated, unconscious of the *time* and *paper* consumed in writing.

I am, Madam, with due regard,

Your friend.

LETTER XV.

JULY, 1838.

MY DEAR SUMNER: To correspond with distant friends, through the ordinary channel of communication, has been to me a source of much pleasure—some of whom have been punctual in their engagements, others inexcusably negligent and careless in complying with promises made in good faith.

In looking over my list of correspondents, and comparing the punctuality of one class with the negligence and inattention of the other, I discover you are a defaulter, and am reluctantly compelled to place your name among the latter, and am apprehensive the large debt which appears in bold relief against you, for *unanswered* letters, will not soon be cancelled. Are you willing to bear this reproach, and the imputation of forfeiting an acknowledged friendship, which has had an existence for more than twenty years? Have days of absence obliterated all remembrance of past times, and changed a *warm* and *steadfast* friend into a *cold-hearted* acquaintance?

If you will not accuse me of inquisitiveness, or a disposition to search into your private affairs, I wish to propound a question or two more, which, I assure you, is for the purpose of gratifying a friendly curiosity.

I am solicitous to know what strange thing has happened to, or befallen you? Have you been the subject of disease, or have the multifarious concerns of life engrossed your time and thoughts, to the neglect of other duties equally imperative? Has any wizard bewitched you, or have you, like *Rip Van Winkle*, of renowned memory, been indulging yourself in a long and undisturbed *nap*? If such is the fact, I advise you to wake up and attend to the dozen or more of *unanswered* letters received from your friends and correspondents.—Punctuality in discharging any duty or obligation, however small or trifling it may be, is an important consideration with men of reflection and prudence. Never

make a promise, unless you have the means and ability to comply.

It has been correctly remarked, that *ready* promisers are not unfrequently *slow* performers, which I have found literally true, and much to my detriment.

In the promises of such men, I place no confidence—and if, in their transactions with their fellow-men, they *intentionally* or by *accident* fulfil or perform one or more promises, it is not, in my view of the matter, done from any *moral incitement* or *binding* principle, but from *selfish* considerations alone.

Among men of *high-mindedness*, a mere promise is as binding as any obligation they might enter into, and it is to be regretted that *all* were not of this high-minded class, whose honor and reputation are pledged to execute and perform promises when made, and look upon the hypocrite's pledges, and the authors of *unredeemed* promises, with a manly and dignified contempt.

I hope I may be sustained in the opinion that a man's reputation for *probity* depends as much upon the performance of promises and obligations as the practice of any other of the cardinal virtues.

My limited knowledge of agriculture will not permit me to give advice upon any of its branches, fearing I may expose my ignorance and do more harm than good. Reading and observation have convinced me that Farmers are the bone and sinew of any country, and by their industry and steady habits, they are made the principal contributors to its support and nourishment, and if contentment and peace *can* be found among any people, it is within the threshold of *their* dwellings. Plain and unostentatious, they are (with some few exceptions) hospitable, kind and friendly, and when applied to, never shrink from the performance of any duty obligatory on them as Christians, citizens and members of the body politic.

I should delight as much as any man in the management of a farm, and had I force sufficient, I would embark in that pursuit without delay. With my barn groaning under the weight of the product of my farm, my smoke-house filled with meats suitable for the table, and a stock

of every kind, from which I could supply it as its wants required, I should feel as independent (comparatively speaking) as I suppose Louis Philip must do, with his *five or six millions of pounds sterling*.

I have never coveted riches, neither have I been sullen at the success of others in accumulating wealth.—I only desire *that portion* which will place me above want, and release me from the cares and frowns of the world. I earnestly desire to be as Saint Paul was, *contented and satisfied* with such temporal comforts and blessings as a beneficent Creator bestows upon me—and as he knows what is best for man, I wish to be submissive to his will under all the circumstances of life.

Your prosperity must be attributable to the care, industry and attention which have marked your operations, added to the smiles of Heaven's God. By night and by day, you should offer up thanks the most sincere, acknowledgments the most grateful, to Him, for those blessings which you now enjoy; aspirations of praise should continually ascend to that holy source from whence you derive health and strength and life, with its comforts and blessings.

As your riches increase, be very careful not to set your affections upon them; use them for the benefit of God and his cause, as well as your own—knowing that from Him you receive them, and to Him you are accountable for the distribution you make of them. It is acknowledged that the heart is the seat of every evil passion and propensity—and as this fact is demonstrated by every day's observation, you must watch with an eagle's eye the least appearance of *covetousness* and *avarice*.

Drive them far from you; suffer them not to approach the door of your heart—for as sure as they gain admittance, a poison is infused, which, if not speedily eradicated, will assuredly kill and destroy the soul infected with it.

The former is an insidious sin, says Mr. Pike. "The covetous man scarcely has ever any suspicion of his real character. He that robs or kills knows that he is a rob-

ber or a murderer; he that plunges into drunkenness, when reason returns, knows that he has been intoxicated; but he that indulges covetousness, generally has no suspicion of his guilt and danger, but lives and dies and perishes in his own delusion."

The same author says covetousness is a sin not less dangerous than abominable.

"A covetous professor of Religion is in a state nearly as desperate as that of a soul in hell. This sin so blinds the mind, so hardens the heart, that a Christian Minister might almost as well reason with a stone as with a covetous professor of Religion, and might stand on a tomb and preach to the tenants of the grave, with nearly as much prospect of benefitting them as there is in benefitting him."

You profess to be a disciple of Christ. If you are, you too must be crucified to the world, and the world to you. If a Christian indeed, your treasure and your home lie beyond the grave, and your heart and hopes are fixed on unfading blessings there.

Perhaps you may enquire, is it essential to a Christian character to die to the world? Indeed it is. Hear the language of Saint Paul:

"To be carnally minded is death. Love not the world, nor the things of the world; if any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him.

Whosoever will be a friend to the world, is an enemy to God."

What can be more explicit than these solemn passages? The professor of Religion who does not obey these commands, is but a *professor*; he knows nothing of the inner man being changed from *nature to grace*; his Religion is of the *head*, not of the *heart*; he is a stranger to Christ and his Gospel; he is an enemy to God, and the Devil's friend.

Be not deceived. There is no neutral or half-way ground you can stand on. You are either a son of God, in a Scriptural sense, or you are a servant of Satan.

Cast the world behind you—

"Tis all a fleeting show,
For man's delusion given;
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow—
There's nothing true but Heaven."

To change the subject, I must apprise you of the reception of a letter from my friend J. S., which requires an immediate answer, and I am therefore compelled to close this letter somewhat abruptly.

May the smiles of Heaven rest upon you while you live, and when you cease to be of this earth's inhabitants, may you ascend to everlasting habitations, to enjoy their blessings and delights forever.

Sincerely yours.



LETTER XVI.

JULY, 1838.

DEAR HENRY :—Upon a careful examination of my letters on file, I find yours written on the 12th ult., the first to answer, and after replenishing my ink-stand, mending a couple of pens and spreading my paper before me, will commence writing by asking some questions.—Can it be possible that our friend and relative, Plunket, has become sceptical in his Religious views? Has unbelief so far gained an ascendancy over his intelligent and cultivated mind, as to influence it to doubt the truth of revelation and the gospel plan of man's salvation? It must not, it cannot be.

In reading the history of the deliverance of the Israelites from Egyptian bondage, their safe passage through the Red Sea, and the miracles which were wrought for their preservation in the wilderness, I am filled with as-

tonishment, that they should have rebelled against God, and doubted his power, mercy and goodness, to save, protect and defend them.

We may with much truth convert our cry against this people, into bitter complaints against ourselves, and condemn our unbelieving hearts, that can, in the midst of such an accumulation of mercies and favors, cry out in the tone of unbelief, there is no balm in Gilead, there is no Physician to heal and restore to health; we must forever perish.

There is no sin more hateful to God, and hurtful to our souls than *unbelief*; it spits in the face of every gospel promise, views the Bible as a fable or idle tale, and saps the foundation of future happiness.

As the prayer of faith on the one hand opens heaven, from whence every blessing we need descends, so unbelief on the other shuts it up, and the heart is thereby made sullen, obstinate and unyielding.

It starves the soul, while a bountiful table is spread, to which it is invited to partake, without money and without price, it disturbs the tranquillity of the mind in health, and when death approaches, the *brave* man is changed into the *coward*, and his boasting into cries for mercy and pardon. God says, have faith on me and you shall have life everlasting; but unbelief says, thou hast forgotten to be gracious, and in thy wrath hast shut thy bowels of mercy, giving by this assertion, the direct lie to God, and insulting his spirit. How can you or I, or any other accountable being, harbor such a monster in our breasts, or give admittance for a moment to such a fiend, which distracts and throws the soul into confusion?—How absurd and foolish for a finite mind to limit the Holy One, or circumscribe his grace and mercy?

Shall I, a worm of the dust, dispute with God on the vicarious atonement of his Son, and deny that there is any virtue in his blood? Shall I be afraid that his arm is too short to save, or his ear too heavy to hear when I pray to him aright? Most assuredly not.

Now as the Creator is infinitely superior to the creature, so the Saviour, who is Emanuel and God with us,

is far above the sinner, and can save from wrath every soul who will approach the Father through him. He pleads for sinners, and the Father for his sake, delays another and another year, ere he cuts the thread of life, and with that Justice, (long forfeited,) dooms the rebel to eternal torments.

Scepticism is another name for *Deism*; therefore, if we deny him in any garb, he will deny us. If we shall keep the arm of rebellion raised against him, if we shall, in the pride and stubbornness of our hearts, declare he shall not reign over us, he will forsake us in the hour of dissolution, and if we die in our sins, we shall perish everlastingly. As you have frequent opportunities of conversing with our sceptical relative, do not forget to introduce the subject of *Religion* in your private and other discussions. His mind was once enlightened, he was once convinced of the importance of that invaluable gift, and I would gladly hope he has not discarded every impression tending to the obtaining of that one thing *needful*. Put *Simpson's plea* for Religion in his hands, request him as you love his soul, to give it an attentive perusal; it is a work well calculated to awaken and convince, and if he will read it with a desire to be benefitted, God peradventure, may, by his spirit, open his eyes to see his danger, and give him a knowledge of *himself* as a sinner, and by a hearty repentance and true faith, acknowledge him to be his son, and wipe away the stain of sins. I will hazard the opinion, that if any infidel were to meditate calmly and dispassionately on God and his works, particularly *himself*, he would be convinced of the truth of Divine Revelation, and embrace it. He would at once discover the fallacy and stupidity of *coining* a doctrine inimical to *that* which the Bible teaches, he would confess his inability to do any thing good and acceptable of *himself*, and say with the prodigal son, "Father, I have sinned against thee, forgive my sins and make me as one of thy hired servants."

If I could hear of our friend's conversion from that *moth* of the soul, Infidelity, to the pure and unalloyed doctrines of Christianity, it would gladden my heart beyond expression, my soul would rejoice, and my prayer

would ever be for a faithful performance of his Religious duties. On ordinary subjects, I might be persuaded to bring this communication to a close, but as the one I am *now* addressing my friend Henry upon, is of an important character, I flatter myself he will bear with me a moment or two longer. How stands the case with *you*? Are you with many other professing Christians, dull, cold and inert in Religion? If you are in this situation, with an honest heart, I conjure you to arouse from your lethargy, gird on the armour of gospel truth and simplicity anew, and regain the ground you have lost. To effect this, prayers and invocations must ascend to heaven by ministers and members of the General Church for revivals; then and not till then, will our languishing Zion appear in the brightness of the moon, clearness of the sun, and the beauty and loveliness of the bride the Lamb's wife. The work will commence to God's praise, and end to his glory, if professors in the different branches of the Church will unite with Christian fellowship and feeling, in bringing about this happy and glorious state of things. We lie down and rise up as children, with an apparent unconsciousness of the great responsibility we are under to God, to do his will, which is for the ministers and members to persuade, exhort, and encourage the sinner to forsake his evil ways, and live and die under the smiles and approbation of God.

As we know our duty, we must not shrink from discharging it, but as faithful and unflinching soldiers, be always at our posts, to perform any service he may require of us. I have heard of a minister, who after preaching for some fifteen or twenty years, candidly acknowledged, that if he had been instrumental in awakening and converting *one soul*, he was ignorant of it. Unfaithful and unfruitful ministers! Methinks, they will have an awful account to adjust at the Bar of Infinite Justice, when the Common Leveller of mankind, with a voice more terrific than the loudest thunder, shall summon them to surrender their abused stewardship. My feelings tell me I have written enough; perhaps I have, and in closing, will inform you of the good health of our friends in P. The amiable Miss S. M. is still in a state

of *singleness*, and I know no one at present, who is soliciting her to change it.

I have heard nothing from Douglass nor Pendleton, in some months. I hope nevertheless, their march is onward, and if I have any wish to gratify concerning them, it is that they may live holy lives, and die triumphant deaths.



LETTER XVII.

SEPTEMBER, 1838.

DEAR JAMES :—Among the many letters which lie scattered upon my table, I find one with your signature, bearing date 22d of July, and to avoid any grumblings or complaints, I have seated myself in the family elbow chair, for the purpose of spending a few leisure and undisturbed moments, to reply to it. To use a new fangled expression, you must not expect your fancy to be fed upon a luxurious variety, neither will I attempt to gratify your appetite with any thing strange or marvelous. It is my purpose sometimes to amuse, but nine times out of ten, my object is to edify and instruct, by using a dialect peculiarly my own, which from its simplicity and plainness, can neither be incomprehensible to any mind, however limited or circumscribed.

Beginning with domestic affairs, I have to inform you, that this, with other portions of North Carolina, has been visited with a drought far more destructive than any we have had for years, and I fear much suffering for bread among the poor will consequently follow.

The drought cannot be the result of chance, as some may foolishly conjecture. Consult the Religious part of society, ask the good meaning moralist, who may have watched the signs of the times, and either will tell you that it is sent by Heaven's Sovereign, to chastise his re-

bellious subjects, and chew them clearly the heinous nature of their rebellion.

When children are undutiful, chastisement is the most efficacious remedy to bring them in the path of duty ; it is as essential as their daily bread, and must be inflicted in proportion to the disobedience manifested. As professors of Religion, as members of Christ's Church, we have been disobedient and ungrateful, we have fallen into a coldness and dullness, which have incurred the displeasure of the Great Head. Her members, forgetting the dignity allied to the Christian character, mingle and commingle with the world, by participating in its fancied pleasures, and as a people dependent on him for sustenance and support, we have been perfidiously ungrateful, and we are bound to submit to any mode of chastisement, without a murmur or complaint. Am I not right?—Will not reason, and a glance into the word of God, support me in these opinions? Most assuredly they will, and until we, his children, learn to be obedient and submissive to his will in all things pertaining to us, we shall incur his displeasure, live and die under it, and be driven from his holy presence, to those regions which are prepared for the devil and his angels. If I were to judge from the hints and the indirect allusions you have thrown out, you intend to shake hands with, and bid a final adieu to *celibacy*, and enter upon the *matrimonial* state.—Be it so, you are of age and capable, I trust, of forming a correct judgment in these things, but before you make a final selection, an intimate acquaintance with her mind, disposition and endowments, and last, though not least, her qualifications for managing the affairs of a family, should be carefully cultivated.

Commune with your heart; consider well the step you are about to take; one moment of inconsiderate haste may cause years of discontent and unhappiness, which very often accompany inconsiderate and unreflecting marriages. If you shall find the object of your choice mild and amiable in her temper, not *self-willed*, courteous, and benevolent, a Christian in its true signification, with other endearing qualities, she cannot fail to contribute largely to your comfort, happiness and peace; she will add dig-

nity to the name and character of *wife*, and will gradually gain the respect and esteem of her associates.

When that important event shall occur, do not err in supposing that you have united yourself to a being inferior to yourself by nature. The Rev. Mr. Henry, in his comment on Genesis, chap. iii. thus beautifully remarks: "Woman was not made of man's head, to top him, nor out of his feet, to be trampled upon by him, but out of his side, to be equal with him, under his arm, to be protected, and near his heart, to be beloved."

These are weighty considerations, which should govern you in selecting a partner (not for any definite time, as some of the Heathen do, but "*so long as you both shall live.*")

When questions are propounded and enquiries made, particularly by one who has an elevated seat in my affections, it is my wish to answer them satisfactorily (if within the range of my abilities.) But those which you have propounded are of that character which cannot be correctly answered by a mind as limited and circumscribed as mine; but I shall venture the assertion, that out of the large and respectable bulk of the learned and intelligent of the community, *nine-tenths* at least would pronounce it folly in any man "to claim as large a charter as the wind, to blow on whom he pleases." No such right was ever delegated by any code of laws of ancient or modern date, *enacted by Christians.*

When a Student at Law, I gave you some salutary hints as to the course you might then pursue. You are *now*, I presume, a Licentiate, which, I hope, will soon ripen into a Practitioner of the first rank, to which you can attain, if you do not cramp the energies of your mind by a suicidal indulgence in indolence, ease and inactivity.

The Law may be properly compared to a *hinge*, on which turns the good or ill fortune of those individuals involved in it. To some, it has been a profitable servant, but to others, equally as worthy of its benefits, a cruel and imperious master; and I am assured that truth will sustain me in the assertion, that very much of the hard earnings of the *poor* (and the *rich* too, to add to their al-

ready acquired wealth) has been spent in malicious and foolish law-suits, which could have been amicably adjusted by the interposition of mutual friends as arbiters of the respective parties. Where you are employed to defend virtue and innocence against the insidious attacks of the wicked and profane, use no language but what an honest heart may dictate; and your conscience approves; carefully avoiding the foul weapons of *slander* and *abuse* in gaining your cause, which, if a *just* one, needs no such aid to insure its success, and nothing, I think, can be more cruel and unjust than the use of them in defending a *bad* one.

In all your demeanor, sustain the character of a consistent Christian, a gentleman and philanthropist, cultivate an acquaintance with the virtuous and the good, and studiously shun the company of the vicious and the bad.

Be *friendly* with all, but *intimate* with few, and in your dealings and transactions with the world, deal justly, love merey, and you cannot err in your intercourse with it.

Among the books of your library, give the *Bible* a conspicuous place; "let no day pass over without some serious perusal of it, joined with an humble, earnest prayer to God for wisdom to understand it, and power to conform to it."

I am compelled to close hastily; my faithful Towser informs me that some stranger or friend is approaching my dwelling. Through the window near me, I discover my warm and devoted friend Douglass, in whose heart glows every manly and generous feeling. I must *now* rise from the seat in which I have been for an hour or so pleasantly occupied, to meet and greet him with a hearty welcome. The residue I shall reserve for a future communication; in the mean time, I bid you an affectionate farewell.

LETTER XVIII.

OCTOBER, 1838.

DEAR JAMES :—To perform promises, is a duty which every individual should feel morally and honorably bound to discharge, no impediments nor obstacles being thrown in the way to prevent it. With this view of the case, I have resumed my pen to furnish you with the balance or second part of my letter of last month.

Apart from the *cause* of my abruptness in closing it, I will continue my advice relative to your giving the Bible a place on the shelves of your library.

Be assured it is the most valuable of all books, and if you will be guided by its precepts, and be governed by its laws, the *wiles* of Satan, the *allurements* of the world and the *proneness* of the flesh to commit sin, cannot harm you. The arm of Jehovah is sufficiently strong to rescue you from these and other dangers, if you rely with confidence on its strength. If he is for us, who can be against us? Be a frequent visiter to your library, give your mind fair play, and my reputation for it, if your books will not enrich it with valuable and lasting knowledge. Love your library as Roscoe did his, be wedded to it, and with the oracles of God to consult, you will be great and good. By the term books, I do not include *Novels* and *Romances*, which vitiate the taste, distemper the mind, and unfit it for the reception of wholesome and nourishing food. Leave such trash for those who can relish it, but for yourself, touch, taste nor handle not the unclean thing. I speak from experience; your good sense will doubtless enable you to profit by it, in addition with my advice, which I would not give if I did not believe it would result in your present and future good.—Be watchful against an inordinate affection for this present world, use it with sober cheerfulness and gratitude to Heaven, but suffer it not to engage your heart. "This will make you easy to be pleased, difficult to be offended, calm and serene in every circumstance of life."

Do not neglect the House of God; be punctual in your attendance on public worship, and compel your servants and others whom you control to do the same.

To the poor, exercise benevolence and charity, and do not envy the prosperity of the rich; remember that what you have is not *rightfully* yours, but lent you by a gracious Being, who delights in benevolent acts and will reward them in proportion to their merits. Be not backward in visiting the sick, and if necessary, relieve their wants in such a manner as will be most conducive to their comfort and health. You know God requires this of us, and shall we wickedly refuse to obey? Assuredly not; but this, and every other command, should be cheerfully obeyed—expecting no other reward but the smiles and approbation of Heaven, and an approving conscience.

The tide of emigration to the South and West continues to flow under every embarrassment and disadvantage. Some dozen or more of discontented spirits, in a neighboring county, are preparing to leave the land of their birth and childhood for a home in a strange country, which is a dear proof that man, at best, is a restless and discontented being, and nothing short of wealth, power and honors, “heaped thick upon him,” can satisfy the cravings of his heart.

In your movements, exercise prudence and discretion; examine minutely the ascents and descents which may alternately lie in your path, and when you are about to take a step, weigh well the consequences, and be governed by that *intuitive* principle which will certainly lead you aright, if you attend to its emotions.

A few days since, I was favored with a visit from my old and intelligent friend Alphonso, whom I had not seen or heard of for many years. Age has furrowed his cheeks; his hair, which was once of a jetty black, has assumed the grey, and he reminds me of an inhabitant of other days. He seemed not to have lost any of the *vivacity*, but much of the *vigor* of youth. His body has suffered much from the ravages of age, but his mind remains unimpaired. On all important topics, he converses with fluency and ease, and seems to enjoy the company of his friends with considerable zest.

While with me, he gave a short, but interesting history of his travels and roving (as he termed them) and the different branches of business he has, at different periods of his life, been engaged in.

From the occupation of a Clerk in early life, he was transformed into a Merchant, as one of a firm which had but a short existence. Again he was thrown behind the counter, and had the additional duties of a Post-Office to attend to, which he found more pleasant than burthensome.

Abandoning this, he became an instructor of youth; but finding that business as unprofitable as it was confining and inactive, he has, at this late period of his life, gained his consent to *marry*, and settle down upon a farm, where he hopes to spend the remainder of his days in peace and quietude.

On observing that an unexpected mention of *marriage* extorted a smile from me, he very humorously observed that it was never too late to do good, and that although he had wilfully neglected to discharge that duty in *manhood*, yet he knew no grounds on which his friends or foes could object to his turning his attention to it now, at the age of *three-score*; and after spending some half-hour in conversing on that subject, he remarked with the earnestness of youth, that he anticipated much happiness and pleasure in the connubial state.

In some of my letters to Charles and Douglass, among other subjects, I gave them some hints on that of Agriculture, which, I think, claims a superiority over all other occupations.

"The numerous individuals who follow that honorable calling, possess great energy, vigor and independence of mind, are men who are best fitted to discharge the various offices of life, and being of industrious habits, they rely more upon themselves, and less upon others, in their agricultural operations. They are less liable to yield to temptations, and may be classed among the most temperate and honest."

If, at any period of your life, you may be disposed to turn your attention to that respectable branch of business,

let me exhort you to observe a regular system, be active and attentive, give personal attendance to your laborers, have your stock in a thriving state, your implements and fences in good order, and your work will be done properly and in time. In my catalogue of recommendations, I had almost forgotten to mention the item of *early rising*, which has been practised and recommended by men of experience and learning, in this and other countries. Adhere closely to this practice; it secures health of body and vigor of mind, and they who neglect it, do injustice to their bodies, minds and estates, and may be said to drag out a life of pain and heaviness, and an existence scarcely worth preserving.

Having closed my last letter by informing you of Douglass' arrival, I will take the liberty of taxing your time and patience, by giving you some account of his stay and departure.

He remained about a week with his friends. His health appeared to be good, but he looked haggard and care-worn; he was more demure, and less affable and communicative than formerly. I asked him some questions as to the probable cause of the extraordinary change in his person and manners; but the language in which his evasions were clothed plainly told me, that my enquiries were more painful than agreeable. I did not press them.

When seated in his saddle, and about to depart, he deposited with me many good wishes for my future welfare and happiness; and on my returning the same to him, with the addition of meeting his wife, children and friends in comfortable health, a big tear started in his eyes, which rolled down his pallid cheeks. He uttered an indistinct *farewell*, and departed.

What can be the matter with my friend? Why this apparent inquietude? Can he be unhappy in his family? Is his home less charming and agreeable now, than in years past? Has he sustained any pecuniary loss from speculations or other causes—or is he embarrassed in his affairs? If you can answer any of these in-

terrogatives, a great weight from my mind would be removed. He is now on his way to his home in the West, and whether we shall see each other again in the flesh, is only known to Heaven.

Yours, affectionately.

LETTER XIX.

NOVEMBER, 1838.

MY DEAR PENDLETON:—On Monday last, as the sun was about retiring behind the Western horizon, our mutual friend Mortimer arrived at my humble cottage, much fatigued by his long journey, but to-day he appears to *be himself again*. With some humour, and a good deal of pleasantry, he informed me that you had substituted him in lieu of a letter. I received him as your ambassador extraordinary, and he doubtless gave me more of the general news in your part of the Union, than you could have crowded in one sheet of paper.

I am fearful some of my former letters have been too lengthy. In this, I shall endeavor to be more laconic, and less prolix, believing that brevity in letter-writing is an important consideration with certain persons who are not favored with a superabundance of patience.

I have no news of any interest to communicate; but few deaths and no marriages among your friends, since I last wrote you. On the 25th ult. Grandison paid the debt of nature, and it is to be dreaded that on settling his account with Heaven, an awful balance will appear against him.

In my meditations on the many subjects which have obtruded themselves upon me, they have, without any great effort of the mind, recurred to the *family graveyard*, to which I have paid a visit, and from which I have just returned. Within its enclosure are the re-

mains of my father (long since dead) and two others to whom I was closely connected by the ties of consanguinity.

It should never be forgotten, that the grave is a repository of the mortal body, until the judgment day; heaven or hell, the home of the immortal soul to all eternity.

Though dark and dismal, it has few or no terrors to the good man, but horror and dismay seize the wicked and ungodly in their cogitations on that gloomy cavern. Every one of Adam's posterity is doomed to pass through the dark valley and shadow of death; but while on his journey and alone, the Christian fears no evil, because Christ is his rod and staff. If his path-way from earth to heaven lead through the dark regions of the damned, he could perform his journey unharmed and in safety, if guided by the spirit of God, whose protection secures him from dangers, visible and unseen. The grave is a solemn remembrancer of the uncertainty of life, the certainty of death, and that momentous hour, when the trumpet's loud clangor shall re-echo throughout earth and heaven, and all the vast generations of man, come forth to judgment:

"When the thrones are all set,
And the Lamb and the white vestur'd Elders are met,
There all flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,
And the doom of Eternity hangs on his word."

The Son of God, who voluntarily offered himself a living sacrifice for the sins of the world, and who came from *heaven* to *earth* to remove every obstacle in our way from *earth* to *heaven*, left within the confines of the grave, a sweet smelling odour, a fragrance which revives and reanimates the righteous dead, and reconciles them to its darkness and solitude. The grave, what a solemn, awful thought! But the Infidel, in the pride and stubbornness of unbelief, may pompously enquire, what is the grave, that I should fear and dread its terrors? Deluded man, you little know the imminent danger you are in, you little know that the grave is already open to receive your *body*, and the greedy worm is whetting his teeth, to gnaw and feed upon your guilty soul, when

death shall cut you down as a cumberer of the ground, unfit for earth and unworthy of heaven.

The unrenewed heart places but a small value on the Bible and the truths which it contains. The unenlightened mind cannot believe that death will prove a gain to the Christian, and the grave robbed and despoiled of its gloom, from the incontestible fact of his having the *abiding testimony*, that God, in virtue of his Son's atonement, has blotted out his sins, and made him a fit subject for his kingdom of glory and happiness.

The helmet of Salvation, and the robe of Righteousness, are some of the badges of honor by which the Lord's followers are known and distinguished, among the vast multitude of mankind.

Happy are they who wear these badges; they have every day "*higher* thoughts of God, *lower* thoughts of themselves, and *kinder* thoughts of their brethren," for whom they cherish an ardent love and affection. If Sinai's thunders, or the soft invitations of mercy, were more attentively listened to; if death and the grave could intrude themselves more frequently upon the minds of sinners, Satan would lose his followers by scores and hundreds, and God would be worshiped and obeyed by myriads, who are *now* rolling sin as a sweet morsel under their tongue, who are *now* walking the downward road to ignominy and ruin. In seasons of suffering and trial, Religion sustains and fortifies her followers; their hope and confidence in God dissipate every fear of death and the grave; the former they view in the light of a friend, the latter as a place of quiet repose from the persecutions, malice and envy, of a malicious and persecuting world. These are subjects, on which you must have bestowed much serious thought and meditation, and from which you must have derived, with others, some share of comfort and peace. One of our Lord's most imperative commands is, "search the Scriptures," declaring at the same time, they bear indubitable testimony to his divine mission. In them, are found the strongest encouragements for sinners to forsake their sins, abandon their evil propensities, and turn to God, who delights in the conversion and final salvation of his creatures; calls, in-

vitations and promises the most gracious, are employed to dispel their slavish fears, and inspire them with confidence in Calvary's blood, which flowed in copious streams from its rugged cross.

A deaf ear to these calls and invitations, they impiously turn; death, the grave, and certain judgment, are themes which they seldom converse upon, and for which they have but little relish. The world's charms are too fascinating to be resisted, its pleasures too alluring to be denied, and its votaries drink deep into the cup of pleasures and amusements.

"The world presents an infinity of aspects. Shakspeare called it a stage, and men and women its players; the merchant regards it as a great depot or warehouse, in which every thing found in it is an article of trade.—The physician views it as a great hospital, and the tenants his patients; the preacher looks upon it as a church; the inn keeper fancies it a tavern on the great high way, and to the *black leg*, life is a game in which death holds all the aces and trumps, and takes whomsoever he pleases. It is a school room to the pedagogue, a ball room to the dancing master, and a prison to the turn-key.

The sportsman views it a great field on which death is the wily Nimrod, and men and women his game, and the *Theological Piscatory* deems it a wide fish-pond, where all from whales to minnows are nibbling and biting at the gilded but deceptive baits, which Satan throws out." Without differing very widely from others, I am of the opinion this is a correct view, or outline of the case, drawn from rational premises.

The author must have had a pretty correct knowledge of mankind, and their metaphysical propensities, and if you, or any other enquirer after truth, wish to cultivate a more intimate acquaintance with mankind, you will have to take a peep into the world, and narrowly watch their peculiarities and eccentricities.

The world may truly be said to be a school house, where are taught many of the branches of a natural education. "The proper study of mankind is man," and the more intense our application, the more glaring our

imperfections and deformities appear to ourselves and others.

I have just discovered my digression. I hope you will pardon this pardonable offence, and as I promised, so I must perform, and bring this letter to a close.— May the Great Head of the Church keep you steadfast in the faith of the gospel. May you live a life of holiness, and never forget, that

When death appears no power can save,
 'Tis God the mandate sends;
 For life and hope beyond the grave,
 On Christ the soul depends.

Faith in his blood the Saviour gives,
 To none his grace denies,
 In peace with God, the Christian lives,
 In hope of heaven he dies.

Affectionately, yours.

LETTER XX.

DECEMBER, 1838.

MY DEAR MADAM:—I am sure you and I will never dispute about words, nor the manner of disposing of them, when we have such able helps as Walker, Johnson and others to resort to for correction, when we use them improperly, or apply them unmeaningly. There is a word in our language of common use, a dissyllable, easy of pronunciation, and simple in its meaning. Do you wish to be made acquainted with it? I fancy I see your lips muttering a *yes*, and to allay an *impatient* anxiety, will inform you that the word I have reference to is *patience*, which is one of the most valuable of the graces which adorn the female character. It is a grace which our reason and understanding strongly recommend, and which the sacred scriptures inculcate upon all who have an evangelical belief in their truths.

It is indispensable, to enable us to exercise gentleness, forbearance, and forgiveness towards our brother mortals; without it, we are often made sullen, petulant and uncivil, and hence, we are disagreeable, and I may say unprofitable companions, while in that perturbed state of mind.

May I presume to give you a little advice upon this and some other subjects? Coleridge compares it to snow, the softer it falls, the longer it dwells upon, and the deeper it sinks into the mind. With regard to yourself, if I had by act or deed, manifested any unwillingness to attend to your instructions, or had by any sort of negligence suffered your business entrusted to my care and management, to remain thus long unadjusted, you might in some impatient moment have accused me of those faults; but when I acquaint you, that the late failure to close your business, was the result of unavoidable *bad luck*, on the part of your debtor, you will extinguish your impatience to effect a settlement for the present, and cast the blame, (if he deserve any,) on the unfortunate delinquent.

He very politely requests me to grant him a little more time, and exercise some more patience in the final adjustment of your claim, and as ladies are pleased to receive politeness and civility from any source, you will, I presume, gratify your desire to be pleased, and please him to the soul, by *patiently* waiting a few months longer. The doubts you expressed in reference to the solvency of your debtor, can be easily removed.

His income, though *small* in comparison with others against whom you have claims, is sufficiently *large* to place him beyond the reach of *Lawyer's writs and Constable's warrants*, if *time can be granted him*. He is temperate and industrious, and has uniformly observed a prudent economy. I am acquainted with no man, rich or poor, in whose heart the principle of an unpretending honesty is more deeply rooted. Under these considerations, will you grant his request, and let patience have her perfect work in your heart? I am pleased to *think*, you will accord with his wishes, and in doing so, be assured, you will remove a heavy burden from a *poor* but *honest* man's heart.

The announcement of your daughter's marriage with Mr. Goodtemper, did not surprise me. Anterior to the reception of your letter, I was apprized of it through the public prints. I cannot, by any language which I might use, express my gratification at the propitious alliance of Miss Penelope, with Mr. G., whom you represent to be a moral, upright and worthy man. So far very well, you may say, and so I think myself. Your daughter's acknowledged piety may be instrumental in changing his morality to the true Christian faith, and if her prayers are heard for his conversion, every thing valuable to man on earth, will be added to his present worth of character. A friend to religion may be persuaded to love its precepts, which may in time lead to the enjoyment of its realities, he may be a recipient of its blessings, and a proclaimer of its truths. They have my ardent wishes for a long, prosperous and happy life, but should you at any time discover a disposition to complain of, and wrangle with each other, remind them of the solemn vows

they responded to at the altar, when in virtue of those vows they were made *one*.

Mr. Pike says, a very considerable portion of human happiness depends on the members of a family cherishing those sentiments, and practicing those duties which spring from the relations of domestic life. The Religion of the gospel, he farther remarks, is designed to diffuse peace, love, and harmony through the family circle, to soften every rugged passion, to strengthen every affectionate feeling, and "to open in each house, as well as in each heart, a little heaven."

On the part of the wife, the scriptures enjoin submission and affection, on the part of the husband, tenderness, forbearance and love, and if your son and daughter will obey these injunctions, I will ensure them peace and contentment, so long as the tie which now binds them remains unsevered. I will now leave this subject, and notice the complaints you have made, touching the sluggish process you son Thomas makes in his academical studies. To be candid with you, if he were a son of mine, I would send him from home, with instructions to his teacher to apply the *rod*; if no other plan or device will answer. He has a mind to acquire a knowledge of any branch of science, and when all lenient means fail, those of coercion should be used, to arouse him to a sense of duty.

Your income being as large as you could reasonably desire, I respectfully recommend a collegiate course of studies for him and Jonathan, after they shall be prepared to enter the walls of College. You know the value of education. It is a sure passport into all societies, and with its advantages, the most difficult task may be performed, and every obstruction removed in the path of usefulness and destruction. Recommend Religion to them; I need not tell you it is a species of property, which is beyond the capacity of any man or angel to value; worlds on worlds added together, cannot be compared to it. The poor man with it is made rich, the rich man without it is poor indeed, and as we came pennyless into the world, it is evident we shall take nothing with us when we leave it. The young are easily enticed in-

to the paths of sin, and as your sons are not exempt from its seductions, advise them with all the love and affection of a mother, to forsake those paths, and live for God and the good of their souls for present and future time.

The *young* must die with the *old*, they have no lease for their lives, and though your sons' cheeks are now reddened with the bloom of youth, they must not forget that *mortality* is ingrafted in their natures, and that this world in which they live, move and have a being, is not their permanent home. A few more revolving suns, a few more flutterings of the pulse, and they too will be clothed in the winding sheet, and confined within the narrow limits of the coffin; but if they die Christians, their souls will ascend to heaven, to live with God their Father, Christ their Redeemer and Saviour, and with angels as their brethren and companions.

As the years of your life multiply, may your love for God increase; examine your heart daily, he is intimately acquainted with its secrets, purposes and designs. If you live holy, you will die holy, if you pass your sojourning on earth in peace with him and your brethren, you will breathe your last with a hope full of immortality; *death to you will be a sweet repose*. Of the hour of our dissolution, of the moment of our departure from earth to the unseen world, we are as ignorant as the sleeping infant in the cradle.

An invitation to attend the remains of a brother mortal to the tomb, has just been presented me. Duty, combined with feelings of deep sympathy, forbids a refusal.

I must obey the solemn invitation, and as some preparations are necessary on such occasions, must hasten to make a finish of this letter, which was begun and concluded with the same sentiments of regard and friendship I have ever entertained for you and the amiable family of whom you are the beloved governness.

"Cast your care upon the Lord, he is your refuge and shield: trust in his mercy, and no evil will befall you, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling." Call upon him in prayer, and he will answer and bless you;

he will be with you in the *sixth*, and in the *seventh* trouble, he will not forsake you.

In conclusion, allow me to add,

Press on my fair friend 'till a starry bright crown,
You win, and from sin be made free ;
That crown is for all who love and who own,
The Saviour who died on the tree.

May the Lord smile upon and cheer your heart,
Give you grace to support you while here,
In death a sweet touch of his love then impart,
And waft you to heaven where God and Christ are.

There to live and to love in fruition of joy,
To dwell with your Saviour and mine ;
Hosannas and songs will your heart then employ,
Your tongue in loud anthems of praise sweetly chime.

I am Madam,

Your friend, unalterably.

LETTER XXI.

DECEMBER, 1838.

MY DEAR NAT :—Our excellent and much esteemed friend, Thurston, handed me your letter of —, and though written for some time, and the news which it contained rather on the *oldish* order, yet I feel bound, and take pleasure in giving it an answer by the return mail.

I will not promise you a feast of fat things, but will attempt to entertain you on such plain and digestible food, as I have been raised upon, and if I fail to accomplish this object, you possess liberality enough, I think, to make every allowance, and attribute the failure to nature, or some other cause.

You must know, my good Sir, that I do not boast of those rare and enviable talents, for which you and other friends have been distinguished in the literary world.— I feel and acknowledge my incapacity to do justice to any subject on which I may venture to write. I carefully avoid aiming at any thing beyond the ken of my abilities. Flattery can never puff me up, nor can vanity seduce me into the belief, that I am *more* than what I really am ; I know the depth of my mind, and will never attempt to swim in water which I cannot easily fathom. I nevertheless appreciate the good opinions entertained by you and others, whom I have correspondence with. Without the least desire or wish to bestow personal praise, I have at various periods of my life, assisted in the promotion of learning and Religion, which I conceive are essential to the happiness of the body politic, and the perpetuity of our free institutions.

You may say all right so far, but may I enquire, have you turned your attention to these things? Have you contributed your mite for building *Academies* and *School Houses*, where the youthful mind receives instruction? Have your *ten, twenty or fifty* dollars thrown in with other contributions, built one or more Churches, in which

the Gospel of the Son of Righteousness is promulgated and the joyful news of God's reconciliation with his creature *man*, re-echoed from East to West, from North to South?

Do you succour the distressed? Do you attend to, and release the wants of the poor, and like the good Samaritan, do you bind up the wounds of the *wounded* and the *lame*? If you perform these acts of benevolence with a right disposition, and cherish a scriptural belief in the Saviour of sinners, if you obey the commandments of heaven with a cheerful mind, and a heart desirous to please God, you may safely calculate upon obtaining a seat at his right hand, when your pulse shall cease to beat, and that heart, (which I hope feels for others' woes,) is cold in death.

Religion, Death, Judgment and Eternity, should be subjects of serious and calm meditation. *You have to die*, and the false and self-devised philosophy, which I fear you have substituted for pure Religion, will sink you to perdition, instead of raising you to heaven. But you call yourself a Christian. I should rejoice if you were one in the true sense of the word. The soul you must recollect is *priceless*. No figures in Arithmetic can compute its value, because God is the Creator, and because it will live and exist as long as He lives and exists, which will be throughout an unending eternity.

The *All Seeing Eye* watches over your every movement; he knows the inmost thoughts of your heart, and though his justice will not permit him to acquit the guilty, yet he is merciful to the most sinful and degraded son of Adam; he woos and entreats, he invites and persuades him to turn from his wicked ways, and *live* and *die* in the bosom of his Saviour.

That pious divine, the Rev. Mr. Hervey, in his meditations among the tombs, very beautifully, and no less forcibly remarks: "The Righteous seem to lie by in the bosom of the earth, as a *weary pilot* in some well sheltered creek, till all the storms which infest this lower world are blown over; here, they enjoy safe anchorage, are in no danger of *foundering*, amidst the waves

of prevailing iniquity, or of being *shipwrecked* on the rocks of any powerful temptation.

But ere long, we shall behold them hoisting their flag of hope, riding before a sweet gale of atoning merit and redeeming love, till they make, with all the sails of an assured faith, the blessed port of eternal life.

These hints, as regards yourself, must suffice for the present. No intelligence could be more pleasant to my ear, than to hear you are born again, which you can be, if you cast yourself upon the mercy of God, and earnestly pray for pardon and forgiveness. I congratulate you on the birth of a second son. You have been peculiarly fortunate in your children, losing none by death, nor having to watch over and nurse them on the bed of sickness.— I am well aware of the great responsibility which rests upon parents in the government of their children. Few indeed, out of the vast multitude who are called parents, discharge their duty to their offspring as the scriptures enjoin. I have children, and my Bible tells me I must bring them up in the fear and admonition of the Lord. Do you intend to do the same? That incomparable Book should be placed in their hands as soon as they are capable of forming correct ideas of God, his attributes, and their *amenability* to him as their Creator. Their depravity by nature, and their proneness to commit sin, should be their preacher by night and by day, and they should at all times be instructed in the principles of morality and religion. The Rev. Mr. Logan earnestly recommends to the young, to remember their Creator in youth, to consecrate to him the days of manhood, and the light of his countenance will shine upon them through life, and to the last and most convulsive struggle of death. Amid all the changes of this fluctuating scene, they have a friend who never fails.

The tempest may beat, and the floods descend, but they are safe and happy under the wing of their heavenly Parent, if they are his by regeneration and adoption. My dear Nat, bring your's up to love and reverence God as the Author of their existence; take them with you to his sanctuary, as often as health and other contingencies will

permit; tell them that Christ died for them, and pray earnestly for the salvation of their souls.

My efforts to close your business (by virtue of the Power of Attorney transmitted me) with Orlando, have failed. He appears determined to take every advantage which your absence unfortunately gives him. He is the same *close* and *miserly* soul, and if it were not for the little reputation he wishes to retain, he would not long hesitate to plead the Statute of Limitations against your claim.

From my boyhood, I have cherished the belief that "honesty is the best policy," and if I were to ask ninety-nine out of every hundred honest men, their views upon the matter, they would express the same opinion.

Not so with Orlando. His thirst for amassing wealth robs him of every generous feeling, and while under its influence, he forgets the worth of honesty, and the reputation which an honest man acquires among an honest yeomanry. A man of integrity, in his tattered garments, is of more real worth than he, with his thousands, who has a character stained with the crimes of avarice and knavery.

Deal with all men as you would be dealt by, which is a fair exchange. Have respect for the opinions of men who sustain an untarnished character; and when the earthly house you now occupy shall be prostrated, and the clods of the valley shovelled upon your coffin, may you have this epitaph written upon your tomb—

"Here lie the remains of an honest man."

Yours, with much esteem.

LETTER XXII.

DECEMBER, 1838.

To while away an hour or two pleasantly and profitably, I have just drawn a chair to the old family table, (which, tradition asserts, is in the neighborhood of an hundred years of age,) to write my friend JUNIUS, and if I could persuade myself that a communication dressed in the garb of a letter would not meet with a kind reception, and be read with some share of pleasure, it is possible, and very probable, you would not now have your patience trespassed upon, and your time wasted, in the perusal of this.

Those who have only the ties of mutual friendship to bind them, must feel an unusual pleasure (mingled with delight) in the interchange of civilities which spring from warm and benevolent hearts; but with *relatives*, that pleasure is enhanced four, six or ten fold, and a closer union formed, which will live as long as we shall live, and cease not to exist until we shall cease to be.

This letter will be accompanied by one to our kinsman Philpot, which you will be kind enough to deliver either in person or by proxy, as soon as convenient. It will inform him of the fulfilment of a promise, which I made him some few weeks since, relative to the shipment of a package of books, which he will receive by Steam Boat from F. and addressed to the care of Thurston, to whom he will make application on his arrival.

I hope I do you no injustice when I assert that some ten or fifteen years have passed away since you last made a track on the soil of old P. May I ask why so? Have you lost every particle of attachment for it, and friendship for its inhabitants? Have you forgotten the many days of pleasure, mirth and innocent merriment, you once spent among those whom you *then* recognized as friends, and whose hospitality and kindness you shared largely, with others? Has your memory become so lamentably *treacherous* as to have lost all recollection of

places, friends and occurrences? These interrogatories are made for no other purpose than to inform you that P. has not fallen a prey to the devouring flame, nor has it been swept away by tempest or by storm, but it can be found at any time, plainly and immovably fixed on the ground it formerly occupied.

Some few of its old inhabitants are yet acting their parts on the stage of action, who, in conjunction with the new comers (as they are designated) have built several commodious and handsome dwellings, which, with other improvements, make the village appear in a more fashionable and genteel garb than it has ever worn; and if you were to visit it, you would, I *reckon*, assent to the general opinion that the aspect around it is charming and delightful.

Among other neat and comely buildings, two Churches, *affixed in white*, present themselves to the visiter or traveller as he enters the town in a Southern and Western direction, which are owned by the Episcopal and Methodist denominations. The number of members which each claims is uncertain. By deaths and removals, each has lost some valuable pillars, but I cherish the hope that the time will speedily roll around, when those vacancies will be supplied or filled up with others equally as useful and valuable as those who have died and removed.

Efforts were made some months since, by the members of the Baptist Church in the village and neighborhood, to build a House of Worship for *their* mutual benefit and accommodation. I wish them abundant success in their praise-worthy enterprise, which, if accomplished, much good may be expected, and a number of respectable individuals will have a house of their own to resort to, where they can, as Christians, worship God in their own plain and unostentatious way, without restraint and molestation.

The doors of the Academy have again been opened for the reception of Pupils. At its head is a gentleman of talents and learning, who is said by judges to be well calculated to instruct youth in the different branches of education usually taught in Academies. He is a gradu-

ate of one of the Northern Colleges, and stands inferior to none of his age as a scholar and gentleman of moral worth.

From the Churches and Academy, I will descend to individuals, and inform you by way of gratification, that Marplot and Glendenning continue to tread, *unmolestedly*, the red and clayey soil of P. The former sometimes speaks of migrating to the South or West, but I have always lent, and still lean to the opinion, that his old bones will be deposited beneath the sod on which he has long trodden, and for which he has an attachment which increases with his age, and which time cannot obliterate. He pursues the same even course of life, has all the comforts and conveniences which the heart can crave, is free from debt, and is never annoyed by *Sheriffs and Constables*.

Glen's circumstances are infinitely better *now*, than at any former period. He has, by a systematic industry and a commendable frugality, accumulated a comfortable property, and no man can point a finger at him and say *pay me what you owe*.

He is once more free from debt, and through many vicissitudes of life, and changes from rich to poor, and again from the latter to the former, he has sustained the character of an honest man, which I would not give in exchange for heaps of gold or any other species of riches which this world might procure me.

His daughters have just returned from their boarding school. Their intelligence and accomplishments are admired by all with whom they associate, and they can justly claim a large share of what *connoisseurs* would call *beauty*, which, you know, will show to much better advantage, and shine with more splendour, when associated with intelligence and refinement.

His sons are good, common sense men, who command respect from all classes. They are polite, generous, and unassuming, and what is of more importance than any other consideration, "they fear God and keep his commandments."

The law suit which has been hanging over Glen's head for the past five or six years, has been decided adversely

to his interests, and consequently to his wishes. The amount contended for, the costs of suit, and other incidental expences, will most probably make a considerable hole in his bundle of *Bank-Bills*, or should he be scarce of that kind of change at present, he will be *necessitated* to resort to his strong box for the favorite coin of a certain Statesman, which he will have to substitute for the common currency.

The old proverb of "what is one man's loss is another's gain," has been fully exemplified in his case; but as an orderly, peaceable and law-loving citizen, he submits to the decision, without a murmur or complaint.

I am now compelled to close this communication, having just received a summons to repair to H. on important business; and as you are a business man, you will doubtless excuse the abruptness with which this letter has been closed.

On my return, you will receive the second or concluding part of my letter, with some remarks on such miscellaneous subjects as may be presented to my mind while writing. In the mean time, and at all times, believe me to be

Yours, affectionately:

LETTER XXIII.

DECEMBER, 1838.

DEAR JUNIUS:—After resting myself, and attending to some private business, since my return from H., I have, in compliance with my promise, re-seated myself at the same old family table, to give you the *balance sheet* of my letter; and nothing but the Governor's, or the arrival of some other important personage, shall prevent me from executing my purpose.

My visit to H. was short, being confined to a couple of days only. It occurs to my mind, that between you and some of its inhabitants, a friendly intercourse once existed, but I suppose *distance* and *time* may have weaned you from them, and new acquaintances having formed new friendships, you may have forgotten the *old*, or esteem them less valuable than the *new*.

During my stay in that hospitable borough, a report was industriously circulated, that your nephew Hardwick has been engaged in a duel with some jacksnape like himself, and the cause was traced to a certain *fair one*, with whom each became enamoured. Can the report be true? I hope for the honor of Christianity, and for his reputation's sake, the rumour is groundless. In the world's estimation, it is conceived honorable to resent an injury, but it is the essence of Christianity to forgive one.

When will man cease to shed the blood of his fellow-man? When will he discover the heinousness of sin, and its damning effects? When will he begin to fear God and love the way of holiness? When will he set about reforming his life, and doing that which is lawful and right in the sight of God? I pause for an answer to these questions.

Your old associate Colloden, not contented with a comfortable subsistence in the State which gave him birth, has gone to seek a larger fortune in the South-West. I wish his expectations may be realized, but I entertain serious fears that he will meet the same mishaps and dis-

appointments as other emigrants have done, in their search after wealth in those newly settled regions.

His son Nicholas, who was once much esteemed for his sobriety and moral character, by associating with the drunkard and gambler, has lost every vestige of property, and unless arrested in the heedless course he is *now* pursuing, he must fall a martyr to the detestable crime of *intemperance*.

Have *you* a relish for this inebriating poison? Do you indulge yourself daily in one, two, or more frequent potations of this murderous liquid, this curse to the soul? If you have acquired the first, which will most certainly lead to the indulgence of the other, permit me, as a friend to, and lover of your soul and body, to warn you of the fatal consequences resulting from its use. Intemperance begets innumerable evils, and is the source from whence discontent, peevishness and every other pernicious passion arises.

Imagine to yourself the drunkard's case—his property squandered to the four quarters of the globe, his wife and children beggared, his wretched self the subject of disease, which, though slow in its progress, is certain in its result. He is cut down by death's resistless power, and descends to the grave *unregretted* and *unwept*, and his name is soon obliterated from memory's page.

With nominal Christians, you believe the Bible to be the *word* and *will* of God to his creature man. On a careful examination, you will find that sacred and most valuable volume declares, "No drunkard can or shall enter the kingdom of Heaven." Do you believe that this solemn declaration emanated from the mind of the Eternal and was penned by the aid of inspiration? Have you never reflected upon the doom which awaits the drunkard on committing suicide with the weapon of intemperance? If you have, you cannot, with these truths staring you in the face, handle nor taste the unclean thing, the liquid which has destroyed millions, and consigned them to an untimely grave. But if you have commenced a servitude under the direction of Satan, let me beseech you to think awhile on your heedless step; look around you, and behold the direful effects of imtempe-

rance, which is the door through which its votaries pass to the commission of other and more heinous sins.

Abandon every evil practice, discard every sinful passion, and with the sincerity of a true penitent, repair to the Cross of Calvary and ask an interest in Emanuel's blood. Search the Scriptures diligently and attentively; they will direct you the way to Heaven, and teach you the nature of true Religion. You cannot be ignorant of the right way; search for it until you find it, and when you have found it, walk in it with a steady and unflinching pace. Life is uncertain, and your journey on earth may be near its close; then no longer delay in making choice of the way of righteousness.

A very small portion of time may be remaining to you. Then flee to Christ for safety; take his yoke upon you, and learn of him the way of salvation, "lest the darkness of death overtake you, before your soul shall have found redemption in his blood." I recommend the perusal of *Baxter's Call to the Unconverted*. It is a small work, but contains a great deal of valuable matter, which will do your heart good if you peruse it with a proper spirit.

You must be born again; you must be dead to the world, and alive to God; you must cast off the works of darkness, and walk in the light which the Son of Righteousness reflects, and which his Gospel diffuses; you must hate those things you now love, and love those things you now hate; you must exchange earth and earthly things for God and Heaven, if you wish to be crowned with glory and honor beyond the tomb.

I have now effected my purpose. The task of writing to you has been performed; and I hope the advice which I have given may be as "bread cast upon the waters, which may be found after many days."

If my admonitions shall awaken you to a proper view of your situation, if my persuasions shall drive you to repentance, and that repentance shall ripen into holiness of heart and life, I shall rejoice in God, in being made the humble instrument of bringing one soul from nature's darkness to the marvellous light of the Gospel.

Our days are few and short at best,
Then let us all prepare

To meet in God's eternal rest,
And no where else but there.

May you and I, and all we love,
Prove faithful to the end ;
We'll then a seat secure above,
With Christ our constant friend—

Where we shall live and sing God's praise,
With all our voices, all our powers,
Look on his glory with amaze,
And own him ever, always our's

I shall never cease to pray for you.

Sincerely, yours.



LETTER XXIV.

JANUARY, 1838.

MY DEAR GRAVES :—By a reference to my letter book, I find that my last to you bears date —, and yours, which came to hand by yesterday's mail, is the only one received from your *important self* for nearly five years; and if I may judge from the interlineations, blots and other defects, you must have written it in great haste, or under some extraordinary excitement of the mind. Am I right in my conjecture, or am I to impute it to a natural carelessness and bungling manner of doing business, for which I have often reproved you?

When the farmer prepares his ground and deposits his seed, he expects in due time to reap a plentiful (if not an abundant) harvest, as a reward for his labor. When the merchant enters into this or that speculation, he calculates upon realizing a profit of 25, 33½ or 50 per cent. on the amount of capital he may feel disposed to risk in the speculation. When the general goes into battle at the head

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of a disciplined soldiery, he fights with the hope of gaining an easy victory over the enemy with whom he contends, thereby adding another wreath to the laurels already won.

So with the man who desires to do good to the souls and bodies of his fellow creatures. He admonishes and persuades, with the hope that his admonitions and persuasions will prove salutary, and lasting benefit be derived therefrom.

Among the items of news which your letter contained, you informed me of your continued good health, and the unexpected success you have met with in your profession. Of this I was pleased to be informed; but you omitted to acquaint me with the position you sustain with the Searcher of Hearts, to whom you will sooner or later render an account of the deeds done in the flesh.

Are you a servant of God or of Satan? If the latter, I beseech you to shake of his shackles, desert a cause so desperate and hopeless, and instead of disputing with God and his word, you will presently stoop to it, and believe in it, to your soul's present benefit and final salvation.

God is not a creature, that you should dally and sport with him. He is a being of wisdom, justice, mercy and power. "He is eternal, unlimited, incomprehensible and uncompounded, whose essence is hidden from all created intelligence, and whose counsels cannot be fathomed by any creature that even his own hand has formed."

His wisdom and power created you to love and serve him with your whole heart. His mercy and goodness will *save* you, but his justice, combined with his power, will *damn* you, without that repentance being granted you, and that faith which purifies the heart, and opens to the soul the door of Heaven.

Every leaf of his blessed word has, as it were, a voice which calls to you, turn and live, turn or you will die.— Will you yet despise his word, resist his spirit, and stop your ears against his call? The night is far spent, the day is at hand, and it is now time to awake out of your sleep; therefore cast off the works of darkness and put

on the armour of light. A superficial faith in God and his attributes will not save you in a dying hour; your life is in his hands, and he is resolved to save you upon no other terms but such as we find in his Gospel.

“Life is before you, and you can have it on reasonable terms if you will—yea, on free cost if you will accept it.” What say you, will you accept and live, or refuse and die? The way of God lies plain before you; Christ and pardon and holiness are offered you, if you will.—What say you, will you turn?

To digress for a few moments, I will inform you that some three years since or more, when on an excursion in one of the Western counties, I tarried for a night under the roof of a pious member of the Church. Between the hours of twilight and bed time, we visited a neighbor, and after the usual salutations had passed, the following *conversation* immediately commenced between them:*

Believer.—Well sir, we have lived neighbors long enough to know each other, and I presume the intimacy which has grown out of our acquaintance, will authorize us to speak to each other freely, and without reserve.—Although it has given me real satisfaction to observe your constant attendance at our Church, and your attention to her solemn services, yet permit me to express my fears, that you are not seeking the kingdom of God with earnestness, without which it can never be obtained.—Though you are constant at Church, yet you are as constant at tables of festivity, and an approaching entertainment appears to afford you equally, if not greater pleasure, than an approaching sacrament. I regularly observe newspapers, and other new and irreligious publications scattered on your table, but I have never found you perusing the Bible. I have heard you speak upon twenty different subjects, but can’t recollect that your conversation ever turned upon what the Lord has described the

* This conversation is from the pen of a very pious Minister of the Gospel, long since dead. I hope my readers will not accuse me of *double dealing* by giving it a place in the last No. of my Letters:

one thing needful. In short, sir, I apprehend from your general conduct, that you are altogether unacquainted with an evangelical faith, and a religion of the heart.

Neighbor.—I am obliged to you sir, for the interest you appear to manifest in my salvation, but allow me to say with Solomon, “there is a time for all things.”

Believer.—Yes sir, for all that is good, but if you really believe there is a time for all things, I would humbly ask, why do you not devote a certain portion of your time to prayer and meditation, as you do to eating, drinking and sleeping?

Neighbor.—It is true, I do not pique myself upon my piety and devotedness, and will confess to you, that I frequent the Church and the Holy Communion, rather out of *decency* than *choice*. But notwithstanding all this, my faith is as orthodox as any of my neighbors.—For my own part, I never erred from the faith since I first became acquainted with the Apostles’ creed, and that was so early in life, that I cannot *now* recollect who first instructed me in it.

Believer.—It seems then, Neighbor, that you imbibed your faith as you drew in your mother’s milk, and you have learned to believe in Christ rather than Mahomet, because you happened to be taught the English, rather than the Turkish language.

Neighbor.—That may be so; however, if I had been a Mahometan, I trust I might also have been an honest man. I give to every one his due. This is the grand principle upon which I have always acted, and from this, I leave every man to form a judgment of my faith.

Believer.—Ah! Sir, if such are the principles by which your conduct is regulated, then make a full surrender of your heart to God, and consecrate to his service, those powers of body and soul which you have received from his bounty, and to which he has a just claim. Without *true piety*, your strict justice is like the fidelity of a subject, who fulfils his engagements with a few particular persons, while he withholds the homage due to his rightful sovereign. If such a subject can be termed faithful, then may you with propriety, be accounted just, while you offer not to God that tribute of love and obe-

dience, which is your reasonable service. You made a confession, but now that you do not pique yourself upon your piety, it would not have astonished me more, had you said, that you did not pique yourself upon paying your debts, and acting with common honesty in the world. Alas! Sir, your boasted principles will not secure happiness in heaven. I entreat you in the most solemn manner, to examine yourself, and ascertain whether you be in the faith.

Neighbor.—What do you call faith?

Believer.—The Scriptures teach us, that “faith is the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen.” He therefore, who truly believes in the Father, Son and Holy Spirit, carries within him a lively demonstration of the Almighty’s presence, which penetrates him with sentiments of fear, respect and love, for a Being so powerful, just and good. He possesses an internal evidence of the affection of that Redeemer, upon whom alone he grounds his hope of Salvation; and he discovers in his heart the most indisputable testimony of the sanctifying and consoling operations of the Holy Spirit. Tell me then, since you boast of having received the Christian faith, have you ever experienced those salutary effects of faith, which I have now described?

Neighbor.—If that demonstration and that lively representation of which you speak, are essential to Christian faith, I must confess, that to such a faith, I am a perfect stranger. But the writing of Saint Paul, whose definition of faith you have just cited, are generally looked upon as dark and mysterious. I wish you had rather quoted Saint John.

Believer.—I doubt Sir, whether you will gain any thing by such an appeal, for the Apostle declares, that whosoever believes that Jesus is the Christ, is born of God. You perceive Sir, that according to this Apostle, faith is a principle of grace and power, sufficiently forcible and victorious, to regenerate and make us partakers of the divine nature, enabling us to triumph equally over the most seducing, as well as the most afflicting occurrences of the world. Have you obtained, or have you

ever sought the faith of which, such excellent things are spoken?

Neighbor.—You embarrass me, I never heard the least intimation of such a faith in this country.

Believer.—Indeed, Sir, you labor under a gross error, you will find this faith plainly set forth in the Helvetic Confession. The Christian Faith, (say the pious ministers who composed that work,) is not a mere human opinion or persuasion, but a state of full assurance. It not only gives a constant and clear assent to, but also comprehends and embraces the truths of God, as proposed to us in the Apostles' creed. By this act, the soul unites itself to God, as to its only, eternal and sovereign good, and to Christ as the centre of all the promises. Have you then this divine persuasion, this full and complete assurance of the truths of our Holy Religion? Have you been baptised with the Holy Spirit, and do you know any thing of the New Birth?

Neighbor.—I have an undoubted persuasion, that the word of God is true, but how may I absolutely determine whether or no, I possess much or little of the faith you have reference to?

Believer.—If you are possessed of faith, you have some experimental knowledge of those happy effects of that grace, which the same confession enumerates. "True faith restores peace to the conscience. It procures a free access to God, enabling us both to approach him with confidence, and to obtain from him every needful blessing. It retains us in the path of obedience, clothing us with power to fulfil our several duties to God and to our neighbor. It maintains our patience in adversity, and disposes us at all times to a sincere confession of our confidence. To sum up all in a single word, it produces every good work."

Let it be observed, (says the same Confession,) that we do not speak of a pretended faith, which is vain, ineffectual and dead, but of a living and effectual faith. This is a doctrine which Saint James mentions, as he speaks of a vain and presumptive confidence of which some were known to boast, while they had not Christ living in them by means of faith. The Neighbor expressed some sur-

prise at this last remark, and acknowledged his ignorance of the whole matter. His clock striking ten, we left him, and about a year afterwards he died, not a *true*, but a *nominal* Christian only.

Do you wish to live and die as this neighbor did, and lose your all? I must think you do not. Turn then to God, while life, and health, and strength are yours.

The Holy Scriptures, the Ministers of Christ, call upon you to turn, the Spirit and your conscience cry turn, and will you not obey the call? Methinks I see you nod an assent, and hear you say *I will*.

Commence your return without delay, cogitate on death, judgment and eternity, pray fervently and without ceasing, and God will meet you in mercy, will pardon your numerous offences, and impart to you the riches of his grace.

What are your hopes beyond the grave? How stands your account with God? I very much fear, if you were *now* called upon for an adjustment, a long and awful balance would appear against you. If you were now summoned to appear before heaven's tribunal, my apprehensions lead me to believe, you would stand as a condemned criminal, and the awful sentence of "depart ye cursed," pronounced upon you.

When your body is diseased, you apply to a physician for relief, and are you more careful and mindful of the *mortal* than the *immortal* part? Your soul is diseased and polluted, therefore make speedy application to the Great Physician, to remove the disease.

Procrastination is dangerous, delay is murderous, no longer halt between the choice of good and evil. Apply to the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit, for a thorough cleansing from the least and last remains of sin and pollution, and ever make this Triune God the object of your faith, adoration and confidence.

This may be the last letter I shall ever write you, and under this impression will now close, by bidding you an affectionate farewell.



MEDITATIONS.

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MEDITATIONS.

A LOVE OF THE WORLD.

I presume the fact will not be questioned or denied, that all animate beings, from the King on his throne to the beggar in his tattered garments, are pensioners upon the bounty of a beneficent Providence, to whom the Human Family owe an allegiance which no earthly potentate can claim, and to whom they should never cease to ascribe praise and honor for the numerous and multiplied blessings he has, and does continue to bestow upon all his intelligent creatures.

He has blessed a portion with wealth inexhaustible, others with a moderate share, and others again with a sufficiency to live above the frowns and cares of the world, having comfortable dwellings to shelter them from the cold and heat, the tempest and the storm, and from the rays of a burning sun.

In due season, our bountiful Benefactor causes heaven's *liquid* to descend in copious showers to water our earth; the vegetable creation springs forth and yields abundantly for the use and benefit of man. He who never sleeps nor slumbers, is ever mindful of the diversified wants of his people, whom he supplies with a liberal hand as our wants and necessities require. He sends rain upon the just and the unjust, he does good to *all*, whether his or Satan's servants, and upon his care and Providence, their very existence depends; and in the bestowment of these valuable blessings, he evinces that unspeakable love which he bears for his rebellious creatures.

Impressed with these sublime truths of his love for, and his parental care towards us, whose earthly existence is but short and fleeting, we should studiously avoid placing our affections too intently upon the things of this

world, which will perish with it in the general conflagration; but as probationers for eternity, we should receive with grateful hearts the blessings and comforts which we unmolestedly enjoy; as emanating from a kind and affectionate parent; as strangers and pilgrims on earth, our treasures should be in heaven, where neither moth nor rust can enter to eat, corrode, or in any manner diminish their value. Our hearts and hopes should be firmly fixed on unfading glories and undying blessings in the upper world, where God the Father, Son and Spirit, in eternal glory dwell.

It is not within the bounds of possibility for man to serve God and mammon at the same time; the two opposites can never harmonize; their nature or essence, (if I may so speak,) are so unlike in their effects, the one *holy* and the other *unholy*, that to serve both would be the grossest folly, and would expose a stupidity bordering on infidelity. Those who are the loyal subjects of the King Emanuel, who are the devoted followers of the Prince of Peace, must be dead to the world, and that unto them, and in passing down the stream of time, they should lend a listening ear to the Redeemer's voice, bidding and persuading them to look above its delusive scenes.

The love of the world has been the ruin of millions, and I tremble in silent awe when I reflect, that it is a rock on which millions more will be wrecked. He who wishes to escape eternal death, and desires eternal life, should carefully watch against, and avoid cherishing too great a fondness, too warm an attachment for the world and its imaginary pleasures. To use the language of a favorite author, the world is Satan's grand temptation; if that bait fail, he has nothing more alluring or bewitching to present, but alas! he is too often successful when he throws out the fatal bait, which a major part of mankind find pleasant to their corrupt tastes, and which they swallow with the same greediness as a hungry man his morsel. If we are bound by those ties which unite man to his Maker, to return our thanks and grateful acknowledgements for temporal blessings, how much greater, and more exhaustless should our love and gratitude be, for the

unspeakable gift of his only Son, (begotten in mercy for his fallen creatures) who became an exile from his home, assumed our nature, was a "man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," and after years of toil, died the ignominious death of the cross, that man might become reconciled to God, and appease his divine wrath and just displeasure? Is there, or can there be any other theme that we could dwell upon with more rapture and delight than this? That although he was rich in the possession of heaven, earth and all things therein, yet for our sakes he became so poor, that he had not where to lay his head; although he was that God, who spoke a world from nought, and sustains it by his power; yet he emptied himself of his glory, and condescended to become the *babe of Bethlehem*, to fulfil all righteousness, that through his atonement the sin imputed to, and the curse entailed upon us by Adam's transgression, might be washed away and removed.

Oh! for his love, let Saints and Angels sing,
 Let man rejoice, and let his praises ring,
 Through earth's wide bounds, and with them tell,
 The matchless goodness of Emanuel.

"Love to the world rules within and governs the heart, and if for the sake of profit, pleasure, or ease, we are kept back from accepting Jesus Christ as our Saviour, we bring reproach upon his Cross, and trample with our polluted feet the blood of the everlasting covenant, by which we are cleansed from the least and last remains of sin.

MEDITATION II.

THE SAME SUBJECT CONTINUED.

Mankind being carnally minded, they possess a much stronger attachment for the world, than they do for the Lord Jesus Christ and his Gospel; they are slaves to sin and prefer darkness rather than light, because of their obstinate wills and corrupt affections. Saint James, adverting to our love for the world, declares it to be enmity with God.

Pike remarks, that the love of it and its riches are the most fatal of sins. It was this which actuated Judas to betray his Lord and best friend; it was this which influenced Ananias and Sapphira to lie against the Holy Ghost, thereby incurring a sudden and awful death as a reward for their base duplicity; it was this which tempted Absalom to head a conspiracy, for the purpose of supplanting his father David in the government of Israel, but ere he could execute his dark and fiendish designs, he fell a victim to his own rashness and folly.

It is in consequence of a love for the world, that hundreds and thousands in this our day *apostatize* and make shipwreck of their souls. Perhaps it were better, (if I may be allowed the remark,) that all such had never been born, as their apostacy will but enhance their guilt and wretchedness, and sink them deeper and deeper in the gulf of torture and pain.

The writer above alluded to, who must have been well acquainted with the *mainsprings* of Theology, further observes, that this sin is peculiarly dangerous, in as much as it is peculiarly insidious. It steals into the heart as by magic, and deceives the soul it enslaves.

The turpitude and danger of this sin being so apparent, Christians of every grade and name must carefully watch against and pray without ceasing for deliverance from it; they should view it in all its hideous forms, in all its delusive shapes, and escape *that death* which it,

votaries will be doomed to suffer, unless they repent of that, with other sins committed against God, the creator and sustainer of all things.

It cannot be denied, that this sin is the most dangerous and destructive to the soul, because it begets others, which increase the enormity of our crimes, and drive us from God. It is folly and madness to pursue a course different from that marked out by the Bible, but we are by nature and practice so sinful and depraved, that it seems impossible to pursue the right, and until we are transformed by the renewing of our minds, until we can cry *Abba Father*, with the spirit of true Christians, the god of this world will reign uncontrolled in our hearts, and govern our thoughts and actions.

We are the workmanship of an Almighty hand; we are his by *creation, preservation and redemption*, and they who wish to escape the pains and penalties of the second death, must never cease to pray to be made his by *adoption and grace*; and as his "hand is not shortened that he cannot save, neither his ear heavy that he cannot hear," prayer ardent, which opens heaven, should be offered up for a *double* portion of his spirit, to guide and direct them in the path of holiness and love, and for faith to enable them to pursue with a steady and unwavering step, their journey to the heavenly Canaan, the promised land. They should zealously endeavor to obtain Christian perfection, and like David, declare in the sincerity of their hearts, 'The Lord is our shield, our strength, our song, and has become our salvation; he is our Shepherd, we shall want no spiritual nor temporal blessings, if we ask for them in faith, not doubting his willingness to bestow them upon us in his appointed time.'

There are so many passages of Holy Writ which are so encouraging to Christians, that I cannot conjecture why, or how it is, that so many of that class approach a throne of grace with such apparent supineness, and act as if they are troubled with doubts and harassed by fears as to the reception they may meet with on their approach. This *unbelief and inconsistency* should be speedily re-

moved from the heart, or approaches to Deity will be unavailing.

The blessings which have been granted to prayer, clearly illustrate its worth and importance. The records of sacred history prove abundantly, that God hears and answers prayer when uttered with a pure heart, and fervency of mind. Abraham prayed for Sodom, which would have been saved from heaven's vengeance, if *ten* righteous souls could have been found in it. His servant, sent to obtain a suitable spouse for his son Isaac, prayed for direction, and was guided to the lovely Rebecca.—The plagues of Egypt were repeatedly removed by Moses' prayers for that ill-fated country. By prayer, Daniel's life was preserved from the fury of the lions; and Hezekiah raised from a bed of sickness, and fifteen years added to his life.

In the Apostles' days, the efficacy of prayer was exemplified in the preservation of multitudes who advocated the cause of the Lord's Christ; while they prayed, Jehovah listened, and in due time granted their petitions and rescued them from the power and malice of wicked men and devils. If we draw near to God, he will draw near to us; his reconciled countenance will rest upon us, and all others who obey, love, and fear him; he will be our compassionate Saviour in sickness and in health, in weal or in woe; he is none other than a God of mercy, who willetth the death of *no* man, but would rather that *all* would embrace his gospel and live under his smiles and protection.

The least semblance of worldly affections must be obliterated from our hearts—every species of sin must be washed from our souls, if we wish to secure a happy immortality beyond this vale of tears—

"Be thou, oh Lord! by night, by day
My guide, my guard from sin,
My life, my trust; my hope and stay,
And keep me pure within—

Oh! may my soul upon the wings
Of faith unwearied rise,
Till at the gate of Heaven it sings,
'Midst light from Paradise."

MEDITATION III.

THE IMPORTANCE OF HUMILITY.

Among the many virtues and amiable traits of character which the disciples of the Lord Jesus should possess, or zealously endeavor to obtain, there is none more important, and which approaches nearer to perfection, than *humility*.

It is certainly one of the most prominent of the Christian graces, and without it, evangelical religion cannot exist in, or be an inhabitant of, the soul of any man.

This grace is nothing more nor less than entertaining lowly views of ourselves, which well become sinful and dependent creatures; and he who claims it as his own, manifests towards God resignation to his divine will, patience and submission under his chastening, and contentment in any situation he may please to place us in life. It exhibits itself in a multiplicity of forms: first, by esteeming others better than ourselves; secondly, by forbearance and forgiveness when injured and insulted—by kindness to the meanest objects of compassion; and thirdly, by benevolence that imparts good in secret places, and blushes when its actions secure applause from men.

By nature, this disposition does not exist in the human heart, "*which is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked;*" on the contrary, pride is ready to intrude itself upon us in a thousand forms—it entices us into sin, and unless we are armed with the whole gospel truth and simplicity, we shall live and die the servants of Satan, and finally perish forever.

Humility never fails to find a place in the affections of the good man; he esteems it of more importance than gold or silver; it calmly and quietly places itself at the feet of Jesus, and learns instructive lessons from him—such lessons as will be an anchor to the soul while clothed in *mortality*; and which will shine as a crown of un-

fading glory in Heaven, when this mortal shall put on immortality. ~~Without humility it is impossible~~ to serve God acceptably. It has always been, and it ever will be, an enemy to pride; which renders man *impatient, dictatorial, and supercilious* under reproof—the two principles cannot act together in the same breast—either the one or the other must guide our actions: the first by grace infused in the soul; the second by an attachment for the world and its pleasures and vanities.

The humble minded man thankfully receives the faithful and timely admonitions and reproofs of his Christian friends; the proud man resists, with feelings of warmth, the friendly dealing of those by whom he is surrounded when admonished for his faults. If he cannot, by any stratagem or artifice of his own, deny the faults with which he is charged, pride immediately flies to his relief and endeavors to devise excuse for his guilt, and unblushingly brings to his aid a *false and rotten* philosophy to sustain him in his pernicious principles. Pride in dress is a predominant sin in many hearts; nor is it confined to any particular age or sex, but all who admire the fashions of the world, participate in them to their own destruction.

I conceive it not a matter of small import, to watch and studiously guard against *pride in apparel*, though I confess the word of God does not regulate the shape of a bonnet, or the cut of a coat; yet it enjoins upon us to avoid the follies and extravagancies of the world, and assume the costume of simplicity and plainness. Humility is contented with a decent, but pride indulges itself in a costly and superfluous apparel—the one is pleasing to God, and consistent with his will, the other sinful and obnoxious, and its heedless participants will, in the day of final retribution, have to give an account of their indulgencies and follies.

Pride is not only *cruel*, but *false*; many are the untruths which are shamefully uttered by its agency to shield its votaries from ignominy and disgrace. It is also dishonest, as it causes persons to contract debts which they are not able to pay, merely for the purpose of keep-

ing up the appearance of grandeur and high living, which they cannot, in the nature of things, long sustain.

Not so with humility, which grasps at nothing beyond its control; it reaches after the substance, and leaves the shadow to its own fate; it is the essence of every thing amiable, and those who practice it, have nothing to fear from the scoff and malice of an ungodly people; it is an armour which will shield them from the attacks of the envious, and they can, with a pious indifference, look on the frowns and listen to the revilings of their enemies without dread or alarm. It should be the aim and object of every accountable being to *live* as he would wish to *die*; he should ever have the fear of God before him, and should not offend in thought, word, or deed. This, in the literal sense, is true wisdom, which is the humble man's safe-guard and anchor while sailing from an earthly to a Heavenly port.

The prayer of the humble man will ever be—"create within me a clean heart, oh! Lord, and a right spirit renew within me—cast me not away from thy presence, and take not thy Holy spirit from me." The proud, on the other hand, wish only for the pleasures and honors of earth; they seek and ask not for that honor which comes from God, but are satisfied with the *gewgaws* and *amusements* of time and sense. "The young man who is the slave of his passions, has often a misgiving that his *tyrants* here will be his *tormentors* hereafter. I imagine to myself, I see the young woman, whose deity is her dress, startled by the thought of the shroud and the winding sheet; the merchant, the farmer and mechanic, laboring to be rich, are oftentimes disturbed with the fear of being poor through eternity." The humble man, with the love of God in his heart, has none of these fears to alarm, none of these thoughts to disturb his mind; he feels his acceptance with his Creator, and prays for the salvation of his fellow beings.

He feels more to see a man *proud* than *poor*, to see him led captive by vice than laid in irons; he is grieved at the errors of mankind, and weeps over their follies.

MEDITATION IV.

THE SAME SUBJECT CONTINUED.

The proud man, with all his *self-importance*, *self-esteem*, and *high mindedness*, will one day be to this world as though he had never been; day after day calls aloud to him to prepare for death, and that eternal world to which he is fast hastening, but he prefers sin to holiness, the path of ruin to that of safety and security. "Pride is an uneasy passion; and out of it grows *envy*, which is closely allied to *selfishness*; this last passion would willingly enjoy all the highest good alone;" but, when it sees others prospering and more favored and caressed, it indulges in the tormenting repinings of envy, which the humble man shuns as he would the most deadly poison, or an enemy whom he knew thirsted for his blood.

Humility is benevolent and generous in its associations with mankind; it supplies the naked with clothes suitable to their wants; it feeds the hungry, and cheerfully aids in some way or other the sick and diseased.

On the contrary, pride is as cruel as death: it shews no pity to those whom it can control; it lives on the hard-earning of others, and cares for nothing else but its own aggrandisement.

Prompted by pride, *ambition* wades through seas of blood, and beholds, with a careless eye, the fall of Empires and myriads slain, that it may acquire fame and power; it was pride, urged on by its twin-sister ambition, which prompted the *Corsican* to wage war against the nations of Europe, that his name might descend to posterity as a mighty conqueror. His ambition for a while was satiated in the subjugation of millions of human beings; but, in lapse of time, by the providence of God, he was hurled from his throne of power and usurpation, and made to know and feel that he was but *mortal* man, whose destinies are in the hands of omnipotence.

It was this which made an Alexander shed a profusion of tears, because he had not a second world to conquer; it was this, added to the cruelty of the blackest cast, which caused the tyrant Nero to apply a torch to Rome, and then to smile at, and look with a fiendish indifference on its dreadful ravages.

Pride and ambition are the offsprings of all national wars and civil commotions; they urge the imperious man to hazard his life, in single combat, on what he may conceive "the *field of honor*," for some supposed injury or insult he may have received from his fellow man; they sanction the commission of every crime which can be committed either under the dark shades of night, or in the open day, in violation of divine and human laws. So long as I remain in the flesh, I shall endeavor to bring *Reason and Revelation* to my aid in working out my salvation on gospel terms; pride and ambition, with the whole catalogue of vices which mankind commit, I wish to exchange for the Heavenly graces which, in all stations of life, adorn and beautify the Christian character and elevate it to joys immortal and unseen. Man, the noblest of his Creator's works, was placed on earth to serve him in spirit and in truth; to be happy so long as his probationary state existed, and then to be received into everlasting habitations to which all are invited to become inhabitants; but alas! he has been guilty of the basest ingratitude by wantonly and wickedly rebelling against God his King and Sovereign, trampling under foot His holy laws, and setting at naught His counsel, thereby incurring his divine displeasure, and heaping up wrath against the day of wrath and *final judgment*. But the man who has weaned his affections from the world and earthly objects, and has placed them upon Heaven and its invaluable treasures, lives in peace with his God and his own conscience; he is resigned to the will of his Heavenly Parent, and murmurs at none of his dispensations; *contentment*, founded upon the promises of the Bible, imparts a tranquility of soul which the world cannot give nor take from him; it turns his water into the most palatable wine, his pennies into pounds, his

roughly constructed cottage into a palace, and converts a bare supply into abundant plenty. By it he is supported under all afflictions; he can triumph in his troubles, and in his conflicts with the world, the flesh and the devil; he holds fast to the "*sure word of prophecy*," on which he builds his hopes of happiness beyond the grave. Saint Paul, alluding to *contentment*, declares it to be great gain, consequently to the good man it is of more value than the miser's heap of gold and silver; unmindful of injuries done him by his fellow-creatures, the good man endeavors to set the part of a *Christian philanthropist* in all he does; he views mankind as his brethren, and whether beloved and esteemed, it matters not; he loves and esteems for Jesus' sake—being assured that according to his works, while in the flesh, he will be judged at the bar of a just and impartial God.

These considerations, which are in their nature important and weighty, should at all times create an alarm in the sinner's heart, and awaken him to a proper view of his danger; he stands on slippery ground, and on a precipice far more dangerous than his contracted mind can possibly imagine or conceive; one step, either to the right or left, would precipitate him into perdition's gulph, from whence all his cries for mercy and liberation cannot liberate him. The humble Christian is determined to know nothing but Christ, and him crucified. A divine, of great celebrity, remarks, that "Christ crucified, is the library which triumphant souls will be studying to all eternity."

This is the medicine of the soul which cures all its maladies and distempers. Other knowledge makes mens' minds giddy and turgid; this settles and composes them to the truest view of themselves, and thereby to humiliation and sobriety; other knowledge leaves mens' hearts as they found them; this purifies and makes them better.

The Lord of life was humble. When he visited our world, he appeared not as the son of a monarch, but a carpenter; he chose for a birth place not a palace, but the stable of an inn. Why then should I be proud or highminded? Lord, make me humble in heart, soul

and mind ; may I live with a conscience void of offence towards God and man ; and when I die, may I be received into Heaven, to reap unsullied joys in the fields of the blessed.

MEDITATION V.

ON DEATH.

When I look abroad into the world, and particularly those parts which I am most conversant with, scenes of sorrow and distress are every where to be seen ; the splendid palace and the humble cottage are alternately visited by them, and neither the one nor the other is exempt from their intrusions.

Sometimes the grim monster, in his general devastations, seizes upon both parents as his prey, and takes them from a family of helpless orphans ; at other times the blooming youth, the apparent support of his fond and aged parents, falls a victim to his relentless hand and is snatched away from their affectionate embrace. But, under such heavy and almost insupportable afflictions, who will act so unwise as to dispute with the Author of his existence, whether he cut down the tender plant just emerging from its native bed, or break and prostrate the tree just bending under the weight of many years ? It is hard for human nature to persuade fond affection to remain silent, or be resigned under the loss of beloved friends ; either task would be difficult to accomplish, and many would sink under such a ponderous weight of grief, if it were not for the comforts and consolations imparted to the Christian by the mild and gentle influences of our holy religion. Our corrupt natures sometimes rise in rebellion against the acts and deeds of the *Most High* ; but the question may be readily propounded, whether

have I had more interest in, or should feel more concern for my nearest and dearest relations, than for God?

By what tie should one individual be more closely connected with another, than the Creator of both?

What should we pray for at all times and under any circumstances, but that the will of God be done?

Yet, when any branch of my family or myself is afflicted, I would then have my will preferred, to the will of God. I brought nothing into the world when I entered its threshold, hence all I have, and my very self are his to be disposed of, when and as he pleases; he never will forget my wants and wishes, but will remember and have compassion on me even in my afflictions.

As I was made to serve and glorify God in my life and in my death, why not glorify him in the death of my friends? Christ died to save them from the curse of the violated law; and why should I give a license to an unwarrantable grief at their loss, when I know they have died in him and are gone to receive the reward of their fidelity and attachment to him and his cause? An excess of grief here, betrays my want of love to God, my relations, and myself; for, if I love God, I should rejoice in his will being done with me and mine even until death; if I love my friends, I should be made happy in possessing a knowledge that they have left a *world* of pain and sorrow, and been raised to *one* of bliss and happiness; if I love my own soul, I must bless God for taking them away from the evil to come, and to prevent me from sharing too much of my affections among *them*, and from forgetting the *chiefest among ten thousand*. Life and death, earth and Heaven, time and eternity, are all thine own, thou God of wisdom and power. How can I, consistently with a due sense of my own mortality, lament the loss of my friends and dearest relations, whose happiness must be complete—having exchanged this mortal state of existence for an eternity of peace and joy? They are far beyond the reach of all sorrow, mingled with temptations, disappointments, and afflictions; and on that account shall I be comfortless and forlorn, and like as one entirely and altogether forsaken? By no

means. Reason and the word of God, when critically examined, will assuredly drive into utter oblivion all such inconsistencies.

Though our earthly ties, which bind us by a three-fold cord, are dissolved by death; yet, our relation, in a spiritual sense, does not end, it cannot end.

Though they are in Heaven, and we upon the earth, yet we claim them as our kindred, and anxiously look forward to the time when we shall be permitted to join them, and be made *one* in heart, mind, and soul.

Human life taken, or viewed in any sense, is but a dream; doubtless hundreds and thousands have already found it so; and the whole family of Adam will, one day or other, find it so.

The vanity of this world must be visible to the eye of the most careless observer; but, as I have already remarked; a large portion of mankind act as if they were to live forever, or when they die, to be accountable to no being greater than themselves. Death, when sent into the world, pities no age nor sex, but is steady to his purpose, faithful to his charge, and cannot be corrupted.

Those of my kindred who die as the righteous die, are made happy when they leave me; and I should, without a murmur or complaint, disrobe myself of all selfishness and be happy in losing them and returning to God their best friend. I must not—I cannot—sorrow as those do, who have no hope; but ever bear in mind, that in a little time the station in life that I now fill, will soon be vacant; soon my flesh will be made food for worms, my bones crumble into dust and mingle with theirs, and wait the joyful sound of that trumpet which will summon every happy slumberer to immortality and bliss; that trumpet, the sound of which will strike terror and dismay in the hearts of many, will shake the whole earth to its centre, and in loud and terrific peels proclaim a general resurrection.

May God ever be my God and Christ my Saviour—and

When earthly toils and cares shall cease,
And life with me shall end,
May I ascend to realms of peace,
And with them one eternity spend,

MEDITATION VI.

THE DEATH OF THE WICKED.

The righteous and the wicked live a different life, and die a death diametrically opposite to each other.

Methinks I see a dying fellow-mortal tossing and rolling from side to side under the acute pangs of some acute disease; sleep denied him, in consequence of the inexpressible agony of the body and mind, calling often and in deep tones of distress, for aid from his physician, but in vain.

Every power is invaded, every part of his perishing system is besieged, and the king of terrors appears unwilling to grant a moment's respite; yet, in this awful situation, we hear no expression of sorrow or regret for past sins, no penitence for his transgressions; not one word uttered relative to his eternal state, of his immortal soul, nor one request for mercy from God through Christ the Saviour and Redeemer of sinners. This vain, perishing world, when in health, was all his care; perhaps thought of nothing but the *present*, and disposed of the *future*, as best suited his corrupt nature; as he listed he lived; as he lived, he died. As the tree grows so it falls; then may I live to, and for God, and die in his love; grow to and in grace while a tenant of this prison of clay, and fall heir to Glory and immortal bliss when I be released from its dreary walls. Relatives, friends, and spectators, are much concerned to see the sufferer writhing under, and contending with, the agonies of death; a sympathetic feeling pervades each heart, and every groan he heaves, tells them that the moment of his dissolution is fast approaching, is nearer at hand; but they look no farther than the scene before them; they do not weigh the consequences to his soul hereafter, which is so soon to appear at the bar of his *neglected* and *insulted* God. The contest between his soul and death increases; the attack becomes more violent, and strength to resist it is

gradually weakened; his friends *now* call earnestly for prayers to be offered up in behalf of his sinking soul; but, alas! they discover it is too late, for God cannot be forced or driven into friendship with the man in his last moments, who has been all his life his enemy, or Heaven won for him who never sought for it in the manner prescribed in his Holy Oracles.

Yet, prayer is a duty to the last; though it is dangerous to procrastinate and grieve too much the Holy Spirit; it is absurd and unsafe to dwell in carnal security; which will eventually end in the soul's destruction!

At length the awful and tremendous moment arrives; amidst unutterable horrors and agonies, he reluctantly yields up his life to the *grim monster*, becomes a lifeless corpse, falls a prey to sin, is made a companion of devils and damned spirits to all eternity.

In the midst of his torments he can exclaim:—

Oh! cursed, cursed sin, traitor to God,
And ruiner of man, mother of wee,
And death, and Hell, wretched, yet seeking worse,
Polluted most, yet wallowing in the mire,
Most mad, yet drinking frenzy's giddy cup,
Depth ever deepning, darkness darkning still
Folly for wisdom, guilt for innocence,
Anguish for rapture, and for hope despair,
Destroyed, destroying in tormenting, pained,
Unawed by wrath, by mercy unreclaimed,
Thing most unsightly, most forlorn, most sad,
Thy time on earth is past, thy war with God
And Holiness.—But who, oh! who, can tell
The unrepentable and ruinous thoughts,
Thy sighs, thy groans, who reckon thy burning tears,
And damned looks of everlasting grief
Where now with those who took their part with thee,
Thou sittest in Hell, gnawed by the eternal worm,
To hurt no more in all the holy hills.—POLLOCK.

His attendants give vent to their grief in a flow of briny tears; they dress his stiffening limbs, and shroud his mortal body; they prepare it for the silent grave, and are

totally ignorant of the situation of his soul, and the nature of his reception at the impartial bar. They fondly hope the best; but that hope, though a delusive one, is sometimes well calculated to allay sorrow and grief, and reconcile the bereft to the loss of relatives and friends.

All as it were in a moment is hushed; the tears of grief and sorrow are wiped away; their countenances become calm and composed, and they deem it presumption to look beyond the precincts of the grave; but *my* imagination, more alive to the subject than theirs, follows him yet a little farther: yes, I must claim the right of peeping into Eternity, and through the Telescope of revelation, see him brought and arraigned before the bar and there accused of having lived and died without God in the world—a slave to sin, and an enemy to the Son of righteousness.

Awful thought, horrible reflection! His doom is a final doom; the vengeance of Heaven now falls with tenfold heaviness upon his guilty, naked soul; the vials of wrath are emptied upon him without mercy; he is precipitated into the gulph of torture and woe, “where deep he sinks below my venturous thought.”

His friends refresh themselves and comfort one another ’till they recover their usual mirth and jocundity; but not so much as a drop of water is allowed to cool the parched tongue of the miserable sufferer.

Their sorrow gradually abates, and recollection loses its keenest stings; but *his* anguish never abates; it is ever on the increase. In lapse of time, our remembrance of him rots into oblivion as his clay crumbles into corruption; but wrath never forgets its prey; vengeance never forgets to afflict. Still my sympathy would penetrate the dark abode of misery and wretchedness, and look with pity on my *damned* acquaintance—my once fellow-man. Miserable soul! where is now thy accustomed mirth and merriment? They are all fled forever, never to return to afford you the least particle of comfort and consolation. Thou art now, wretched man, where sympathy cannot avail you any good; where commiseration and pity from your friends, and hope for yourself

cannot enter ; it is thy final and unalterable doom ; thy fixed state ; thy day of grace is past ; the hour of mercy has fled forever ; a final finish of sin has been made, and an eternal death is the awful consequence.

Under the influence of these meditations, let me turn my voice to the sons of men of every grade and name ; a few more years and weeks, and *your* state, like *his*, will be fixed, unless you abandon the paths of sin and folly ; cease to do evil ; take the Bible for your guide and instructor, and it will lead you to the fountain of living water—to the Cross of Calvary.

Will you venture to sport upon the brink of ruin, and sin away your precious time, which should be employed in acts of obedience to the laws of God, by which you may secure an interest in the Saviour.

“Remember there are no offers of salvation beyond the grave ; there is no clemency shewn where it cannot penetrate ; there can be no godly repentance or sorrow, for sin in the pit of destruction.”

If I had the language of an angel to assist me, and the eloquence of one of the glorified seraphs at my command, I would willingly use them in warning my fellow-creatures of their impending danger ; I would entreat them to take speedy refuge under the Cross of Christ ; I would sound the alarm as far as my warning voice could be heard ; awake from your delusive slumbers ; repent while life is given you, or the vengeance of God will sink you to perdition, where a guilty and harrowed conscience will ever be sounding in your years, “you knew your duty, but you did it not.”

The wealth and honors of the world cannot save the soul ; they will forsake her in the hour of death, and will add to her misery ; they will cause the worm to gnaw more greedily, and amidst her anguish, he will be doubly tortured by the repetition of the fearful declaration—“*you knew your duty, but you did it not.*”

Oh ! man, your wicked ways forsake,
No longer sin against your God,
To life and righteousness awake,
And walk the peaceful, heavenly road.

For you the Saviour groaned and died,
 He calls—do not delay,
 A crown of glory he'll provide,
 If you his call obey.

MEDITATION VII.

THE FORGIVING AND FORGETTING OF INJURIES.

There is no duty more forcibly enjoined upon the sons of man, by the Saviour of the world, than the *one*, to forgive our enemies, and forget the accumulated injuries done by the wicked and envious, either on *character*, *property*, or *feelings*.

This principle is admitted to be noble and magnanimous; but, from the opposition which that duty meets with from within, I fear it will be found too arduous and difficult by many to perform, and beyond the control of natural man to discharge. Nature, unconnected with her imperfections, would probably make less resistance to its mandates; but the duty is too God-like and divine, and approximates too near Christian perfection, to admit of no resistance from the depraved heart of man. There are many in the world, who are actuated by a revengeful spirit; and while they remain under its influence, unblushingly injure their neighbor in one way or other; and their names can scarcely be recollected without those injuries, springing up afresh in the minds of the injured, presenting themselves in all their hideous forms, as if they had happened but yesterday.

There is nothing more true, than that the spirit of *revenge*, which grows out of *unforgiveness*, endangers our peace and quietude, and should not have a seat in the breasts of rational beings. The precepts of our holy religion, should ever be the rule and guide of our actions,

which are critically watched and observed by an *All-seeing Eye*. An unwillingness to discharge this imperative duty, exhibits and exposes, in its naked deformity, the rancor of the mind ; and, unless speedily eradicated, will drive us deeper into sin, and in a final banishment from God and Heaven. But let me for a moment compose my mind, deeply impressed with the subject, and reconcile it with the duties of Christianity. The whole law hangs on this—"to love God and my neighbor as myself; to serve him with my whole heart, and to do all the good I can to others."

My neighbor is not he who has rendered me signal services, or who may have relieved my wants and administered to my necessities ; for such, the worst of sinners love and admire ; but every individual by whom I may be surrounded, should be the object of my care and solicitude, whether he approaches me as a friend or an enemy. The Lord declared from his holy lips, that if I am reviled, I must not revile again ; if I am persecuted and slandered, I must pray for my persecutors and slanderers ; if they curse and despitefully use me, I must bless, and though they rise up and war against me, and thirst for my blood ; yet, when they yield themselves *prisoners* to my mercy, I must not slay them, but protect and preserve them, and supply their wants with an unsparing hand. Now, if I thus behave myself with the men of the world, and treat them thus kindly, how should I behave towards God's people, who are justly called the *salt* of the earth. Christian philanthropy can readily give a correct and seasonable answer to this question, which is a problem not sufficient to solve.

Again ; should a trifling difference dismember a bond that is firmer than flesh and blood. Most assuredly not. They can never harm me much in *worldly* things, who are for Christ in *spiritual* ; and though the *old man* between us should wrangle and disagree, yet, in the *new man*, we should be steady and devoted friends.

If this contention, which our corrupt natures may have engendered, should cause a separation for a time, our joy at meeting again as friends, will be doubly enhanced ;

our pleasures multiplied at the recollection that all animosities have ceased, and, by mutual consent, been buried in the grave of forgetfulness.

One truth is very evident—we cannot live like angels in this imperfect state; depravity has no alliance with holiness; neither can sin be allied to purity; the one or the other must predominate in every heart, and act as an incentive to obey or disobey the commandments of God.

MEDITATION VIII.

THE SAME SUBJECT CONTINUED.

I should rejoice if the inhabitants of the earth were friends to the *Babe of Bethlehem*; then would national wars and civil commotions cease; no wranglings and commotions heard among societies and individuals; peace and harmony would then pervade the world; the rich, the poor, the peasant and the lord would meet on one common level, and live together like brethren—"for with God, there is no respect of persons."

In such a society, and amongst such a people, I should delight to dwell; our every effort would be to promote the cause of Christianity; truth and holiness, which will be our support in time, our best friend in death; and all differences (whether of a religious, civil, or political character) would be swallowed up in the ocean of perpetual love. It is one of the peculiar traits of creature *man*, to differ upon almost every subject; the different denominations of Christians have each their separate and distinct plans to disseminate the "*unsearchable riches of Christ*," the truths of his gospel; yet, on the main and important question (the conversion of mankind,) there is little or no difference of opinion; then, in the name of the *Great*

High Priest, with hearts of brotherly love, with Christian fellowship and feeling, let us rally around the standard of the Cross, and convince a wicked and infidel world, that we can live like Christians—march together in one solid phalanx to the attack; fight under the same banner, till we win the Crown purchased by the shedding of blood, without which Heaven could not be won, nor Salvation be made possible. With kindred souls no love is lost, no friendship marred; with hearts burning with love for God and man, we shall pass down the stream of time in peace with our consciences; we shall be enabled to repel any and every attack which the prince of darkness may make upon our souls, to capture and destroy them; power will be given us to work out our salvation on gospel terms and limitations; and as many of the heavenly graces will be imparted to us, as will be necessary to secure a safe retreat from earth to Heaven, when death shall summon us to the unseen world. The Great Physician has promised to heal our maladies; to succour us in our tribulations and trials; he will never leave nor forsake us, if we discharge our duty faithfully.

He is around our bed, and about our path; he observes every symptom of distress, and will not suffer it to harm us, or rise above our strength; he knows how much we can bear, and in proportion to our strength are we tempted; and temptations, trials, and afflictions, are common to feeble and dependent man; and which are permitted to assail and harrass us, for the purpose of testing the sincerity of our hearts, and to ascertain the depth of our faith. If I had not the religion of the Bible to support and sustain me, and a hope strong and full of immortality, my feeble nature would shrink from the contest, and my soul would be exposed to the shafts of the enemy, who, as a ravenous wolf, is ever on the watch seeking whom he may destroy.

Our line of duty is plainly marked out by the finger of unerring truth; we must walk in that path with a steady pace; with a firm and constant step, if we wish the light of God's countenance to rest upon us in time, and in the hour of death.

No duty, which is found on the catalogue of his Commandments, must be left *unperformed*; all must be discharged faithfully; and if we die in his service, we shall be numbered among angels and just men made perfect. I beg leave, in a spirit of charity, to impress upon the minds of my brethren of every name, the necessity of forgiving and forgetting injuries of every kind; erase them from the tablets of your heart, and conquer pride, anger, and revenge. Fix your eyes steadily on that felicity which shall be enjoyed in Heaven; entertain no disposition of mind, which you would not willingly discard, and gladly divest yourself of, when death knocks at the door of your clay tenements, and bids you prepare for your departure.

Some men glory in riches and the honors which they receive from the world, others in noble ancestry, talents, and learning; but you, who are the salt of the earth, must not; yea, you cannot glory in any thing earthly, but in the Cross of our Lord and Saviour, who, for our sakes, became so poor, that he had no place to lay his sacred head; who surrendered his life, to appease the wrath of his father, that we might be partakers of his own glory, which he had before the foundation of the world.

MEDITATION IX.

ON PRAYING FOR UNBELIEVERS.

I have been, through life, an attentive listener to the complaints and murmurings, and an humble observer of the actions and general demeanor of mankind; many of whom seem to pass down the current of time, as if they had a lease for their lives on earth, or, when they die, to remain forever in the bosom of the grave, and accounta-

ble to no being greater than themselves. This is certainly, in the very nature of things, one of the most stupid ideas that ever entered the head and biased the heart of man; it is one of the most dangerous principles by which he can be influenced; it is a rock on which he will fall and be crushed to atoms, unless his reasoning faculties point out the danger and warn him of the consequences. To avoid the direful consequences attending such an unwarrantable course of life, we who are more mindful of our peace in this, and our happiness in the world to come, should strenuously urge the necessity of a firm belief in the doctrines of the gospel; we should warn them of the imminent danger to which they are exposed.

Exhortation, in rapid succession, should be dealt out unsparingly, to induce them to acknowledge their allegiance to God, and be adopted citizens of his kingdom of grace.

We should urge the perusal of the sacred pages of the Bible with unwearied attention; its beauties and excellencies should be explained in such a plain and lucid manner as will engender, and then leave serious impressions on their hitherto beclouded minds, which may eventually become clear, and all doubts as to its authenticity totally eradicated. The devout christian must project plans, and devise measures, to divert their minds from earthly vanities, and place their affections on religion and God, who is alone competent to change their vile hearts and fit them for Heaven. Every sinful gratification, every inordinate passion, should be supplanted by an ardent desire to act well our parts, as rational beings, who are amenable to God for every thought, word, and action.

Among the multiplied benefits resulting from the possession and enjoyments of religion, we can declare that it regulates the mind, softens the heart, and qualifies the soul to sustain herself under the shock of the most poignant afflictions. In her journey through life, she can brave all dangers, stem the torrent of persecution, and defeat every nefarious effort to destroy her peace and comfort.

We are informed, from sacred and other histories, that,

from the earliest dawn of Christianity, persecutions of the most dangerous kind alternately arose, which had for their object, the total annihilation of every thing that pertained to religion and the principles of morality.

But God, the avenger of his peoples' wrongs, extended his all-powerful arm in their defence. Looking down from his majestic throne with indignation upon the wicked actors of these wicked scenes, he arrested their puny arms, disfranchised them of their usurped power, and hurled them from their seats of infidelity, and numbered *them* among those wretched victims who inhabit the abodes of devils and infernal fiends. It is in vain for man to wage war with his Maker, and haughtily refuse to comply with his terms of reconciliation; it is in vain, with so feeble a force as he possesses, to fight under any other banner, but the one which was erected on the hill of Calvary. It should be the duty of every individual, whose sins have been pardoned, and on whom God has bestowed his grace and love, to pray fervently for sinners of every grade and description. Christians of every name should, unceasingly, cry in their careless and stubborn ears, the impressive language of a pious Poet:—

Stop, poor sinners, stop and think,

Before you farther go;

Can you sport upon the brink,

Of everlasting woe?

Hell beneath you gaping wide,

Vengeance waits the dread command,

Soon he'll stop your sport and pride,

And sink you with the damned.

Where the undying worm will feed and fatten upon your souls, and, as fuel, they will keep the fire of hell forever burning.

Among the proud, the giddy, and the gay, there are many to be found who glory in, and boast of their high-born ancestry and noble pedigree; but, in the impressive language of the devout Hervey, they will have to drop those lofty and high-toned pretensions in the hour of death, and in the grave, will be compelled to acknow-

ledge relationship with loathsome worms, and measure arms with the meanest reptiles.

Their hardy and well constructed bones, in lapse of time, moulder into dust, and their souls doomed to know and feel the realities of an unending eternity.

To those individuals above described, in connexion with all others who know not God, I will only remark, that the day is fast approaching, when they will have to stand before an insulted Jehovah to be judged, and there sentenced to such punishment as their crimes in this world will merit. They should remember, while they have life and health, that God is a sin avenging God; that he does not, nor will not, look on sin with the least degree of allowance. They should not forget the soul-humbling truth of the sentiment expressed by the Poet concerning the world, its pride and honor :—

“A little pomp, a little sway,
A sun-beam in a winter’s day,
Is all the great, the mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave.”

MEDITATION X.

MORALITY, PIETY, AND HOLINESS.

The soul who has been converted, and who has drank copiously of the water of life, will testify to the fact, that there is a wide difference between what is called morality, in the literal sense, and that piety and holiness which the Divine Oracles teach and recommend.

The moralist may be regular in his visits to the holy sanctuary; he may assist in performing all the services of the church to which his predilections may lead him, yet, if he is not acquainted with the *new birth*, and been

baptised from *above*, his pretensions to a holy life will prove as deceptive as his worship has been pharisaical.

He knows nothing of that change of heart so essential to his well-being, and on which depends his everlasting all; he takes the shadow for the substance, and hopes, by a round of cold and formal ceremonies, to gain the favor of God, and work out his salvation in his own way; but this hope, like the *well*, which secures its supplies from the uncertain clouds, will fail him in the trying hour, and leave him a prey to a guilty conscience, and the horrors of the second death, which the unregenerated are doomed to suffer. A tale, which may be true or false, relates, that a poor man, who had turned his back upon the world, retired to a cave near the summit of a lofty mountain, where he might give himself wholly to God in prayer, which duty he performed to the edification of his soul and the good of his body. He viewed, with pleasure, the beautiful scenery around his lonely habitation; he listened, with delight, to the sweet notes of the woody songsters, and heard the peasant's whistle as he returned home from his daily labor, and envied not his peace.

All was then calm and quiet, and with a mind stayed on his God, pondered, in silence, on the work of his hands; but, on a certain day, a most awful convulsion of the heavenly bodies suddenly arose; the sky became dark and lowering; the wind blew with relentless fury, and prostrated the sturdy oaks which disdained to bend; the people, who lived in the country around, alarmed for their safety, ran in crowds to this good man's cell, believing that he was able to protect them in their distress, because he *prayed* often, and lived a *holy life*.

"My friends," said he, "be not alarmed; for dreadful to me as to you would have been this war of nature; but I have viewed, with calmness, and with care, the works of God, and am under no fear, because I am assured that his *mercy* is equal to his *justice*."

Is this the pious reasoning of a moralist, or he who confides in his own strength and righteousness?

Does it speak the language of him who loves God and

the world, by turns, and who worships him with a *lip service* only? Certainly not.

He does not as this poor man did, or any other of the truly pious, present his body a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is his reasonable service; instead of being transformed, by the renewing of his mind, that he might prove what is that good and perfect will of God, he is conformed to the world, and puts on morality as a cloak to conceal his hypocrisy.

The experience of every *converted* Christian, whether Jew or Gentile, refutes this absurd idea, and demonstrates, beyond all controversy, that they who build upon this foundation, must fall beneath its ruins, and remain forever *crushed* under the ponderous weight of their guilt and pollution. The hope of the moralist is confined within the narrow limits of his contracted heart; but the Christian's hope, *unfettered* by any thing earthly, ascends to Heaven, and with an implicit reliance on the merits of his Lord and Saviour, he commits himself, and all he has, into his holy hands, dies the death of the righteous, and is received into imperishable habitations; while the *moralist*, and the *self-righteous*, are driven away in their sins from the peaceful presence of God, and from the glory of his power.

MEDITATION XL

ON THE PROSPECT OF DEATH.

A writer, who wielded a vigorous pen, in his meditations on the prospect of death, makes the following beautiful remark:—"A dispute has long existed between my mortal frame and death; and, though I have long maintained the struggle with a life subject to disease and pain, I must at last yield to the universal conquerer, and be

borne to the house appointed for all living." To the man who is prepared to die, the prospect of death has no terrors; neither does it create a sadness of heart, or alarm the soul; he knows he has to die, and, with Job, he knows his Redeemer lives; and when the hour arrives, in which his soul will be separated from her associate, the body, he enters undismayed in the dark and lonely valley, which is his *gate-way* into the abodes of light and life. A momentary gloom may indeed hang upon his brow as nature is sinking; she may struggle in the last pangs, but, as life and the world recede, the disclosing glories will scatter every gloom, and the hitherto unknown realities of the upper world be exhibited to his view. His diseased body may toss and tumble on his death bed, *but his hope is fixed within the veil*. Weeping and lamentation may attend his lifeless body to its dreary mansion, but his departed soul shall wing her flight above, to join in the everlasting song of praise to God and to the Lamb; to God for providing a ransom, and to the Lamb for shedding his blood to redeem him.

Christ will be to him a shield and lamp in the night of death; hence dissolution itself, though it be terror and darkness to evil doers, is joy and peace to all whom God has adopted as sons. The prospect of death must excite feelings of anxious care in every mind, and an awful dread of the future's reality; the thought, itself, apart from the certainty, should arouse every son and daughter of Adam to repentance and faith; the loud and repeated calls from the *sacred oracles*, the *pulpit* and the *grave*, speak a language intelligible and forcible; and, unless those calls are penitentially answered, and the language profitably understood, a terrible destiny awaits all who will not answer nor understand.

There is no subject coming within the range of the human mind less thought of, and reflected upon, than death and its consequences; and yet it is indubitably the most important. It embraces within its illimitable grasp, every thing valuable in both worlds; its meditations reach the summit of celestial enjoyments, where the righteous sit in quiet and peace, or descend to the dark caverns of

the damned, who lie among fiends and ghosts, and whose companion is the *undying worm*. To him who has spent his life in God's service, death appears as a *friend*, and not, as many apprehend, an *enemy*. Doctor Goodman is said to have exclaimed in his last moments—"Oh! is this dying? How have I dreaded, as an enemy, this smiling friend;" and doubtless Wesley, Whitfield, Benson, Fletcher, and Clark, with a host of others, who might be designated, met death as the pious Doctor did, and left the world in peace.

On the other hand, the wicked dread the prospect of death, and his approach is accompanied with indescribable horrors; the gnawings of a guilty conscience harrow up their souls, and remind them of the doom which awaits them.

They begin to pray, and implore the prayers of others; but, alas! it is too late; neither theirs nor the prayers of their friends, can avail any thing; they die in their sins, and to Hell they sink, to be tormented in the unextinguishable flame. Man was created to be happy; but, in consequence of his sinful nature, he has preferred darkness to light, the pleasures of time, to the joys of Heaven; and his evil deeds declare that the *worm-wood* and the *gall*, are more palatable to his polluted taste, than the water of life, which flows in gentle streams from God's holy and unfathomable fountain.

MEDITATION XII.

AND YE ARE WITNESSES OF THESE THINGS.

This passage of scripture may be found in Chapter 24 and verse 48 of Saint Luke, and was uttered by our Lord to his Disciples after his resurrection; and, from the concluding part of the chapter, it may be reasonably inferred,

It was but a short time before his ascension into Heaven. Well knowing that, by nature, *man* was frail and imperfect, he frequently reminded them that a firm reliance, and unshaken faith in him, as the Messiah, were two of the foundations on which their salvation was built; he declared that, without a full and free acknowledgement of the prophecies relating to him as the *Saviour*—the *God-man* who should appear—no one could be a subject of that kingdom he came to establish, nor enjoy any of its blessings. He often informed them, and the multitudes who attended his ministry, that he came into the world, not to do his own, but the will of his father who sent him; from time to time he reiterated in their ears, that his Kingdom was not of this world, but was sent into it to establish one of righteousness and faith; and to accomplish this stupendous work, it was necessary he be made a propitiatory sacrifice, by which a free and full pardon would be granted for the sin in which we were involved by the disobedience of our first parents and representatives.

It may be asked, what were the things he alluded to; and of which his Disciples were witnesses?

In the first place, they witnessed the astonishing miracles which he wrought amidst his enemies and persecutors, by a word of his mouth, which gave utterance to nothing but what was good; the dead were raised from their slumbering beds, and restored to their afflicted families, by that power with which he spoke a world from naught; the blind were restored to sight, the deaf to hearing, the dumb were made to speak and glorify God for his compassion and kindness; the lame received strength to walk and leap for joy; devils were cast out of those who were tormented with them; and diseases of every kind healed by this benevolent physician. They witnessed the holy tears which he shed over incorrigible Jerusalem, and heard him groan, in spirit, at the unbelief of a world he came to save. In the second place, they beheld his agony in the garden of Gethsemana, and heard the deep sighs he heaved for the sins of mankind, which were heavy and grievous to his *human nature*; but

the strength which his *divinity* imparted, sustained him under their weight and pressure. To the base duplicity of Judas, and the hour he was betrayed into the hands of his enemies, they were witnesses; to Pilate's bar they saw him conveyed as "a lamb to the slaughter;" they heard the sentence of an ignominious death pronounced upon him; and, by a worthless mob, led to Calvary, and there crucified as a malefactor, and one unfit and unworthy to be an inhabitant of earth.

At that moment, when he proclaimed, "it is finished," and life's pulse ceased to beat, the Sun withdrew her light; and nature, unwilling to behold the agonies of her expiring God, around her threw the mantle of darkness, and mourned in sack cloth.

The earth trembled to its centre, and ponderous rocks were moved from their places by this awful convulsion; the dead, who had for years slept undisturbed in their graves, arose and testified that *he*, who had just expired on the Cross, was none other than God's Vicegerent—the long-prophesied Shiloh. In the third place, they witnessed his resurrection from the grave, in which death in vain strove to confine him; and, during the many interviews with him, he imparted such instructions as they required in discharging the duties of their vocation.

He renewed his commission to preach the gospel to all nations, declaring emphatically, that those who would believe, and shew, by the *external* rite of *Baptism*, that an *internal* change was felt, should be saved; but, on the other hand, all who died in unbelief, should be damned. Endowed with wisdom from Heaven's library, and aided by a penticostal shower of his holy spirit, the Disciples of our common Lord went forth with hearts burning with love and zeal for their master, and fearlessly proclaimed those infallible truths which he had with such beauty, power, and energy, urged upon the lost sheep of the house of Israel.

For proof of their success in promulging these truths, a reference can be had to the Acts of the Apostles, Saint Paul's Epistles, and others who *fought*, *bled*, and *fell* in the gospel field. In the fourth and last place, after

having, as a faithful ambassador, secured a treaty of peace and reconciliation between the *King of all nations* and his rebellious subjects, which he signed and sealed with his life and blood; after finishing the arduous labors of his mission, and establishing his kingdom of righteousness on earth, they witnessed his ascension to his own native clime, where he reigns co-equal with his father, and is worshipped by hosts of angelic spirits.

From that to the present day, he has called and commissioned *Apostles* to teach and expound the doctrines of his gospel to the generations as they appear on, and recede from the earth. To doubt his promises, would be to doubt his existence; the thunderings of his word have been heard from sea to sea, from river to river; and, if we may judge from its rapid spread, the sound of his gospel will salute the ears of those who inhabit continents and empires. May the time speedily arrive, when the *whole world* shall be converted to God; then brotherly love will pervade each heart; peace and harmony will regulate every bosom, and earth will be changed into a paradise; and when the last convulsion of nature shall rock this fast-anchored globe, as the fond mother does her infant's cradle, and the strong-lunged Angel shall proclaim a general resurrection, the people of God will be received into *Heaven*, where their bliss, joys, and delights will be increased, and they be permitted to behold and share its glories throughout an unending existence.

MEDITATION XIII.

THE FEMALE HEART.

"There is nothing on earth so charming or delicious, as the possession of pure, immutable affections."

The most happy moments of a man's life; the most

pleasurable and delightful sensations which he can possibly feel, is when he receives an avowal of affection from the idol of his heart, the pride of his soul.

"Nothing in this life can be more pure, more devoted, than soft woman's love;" it matters not whether it be confined to a lover, husband, parents, or friends, it remains the same unquenchable flame, which nothing but death can extinguish. It is conceived (and the conception is a just one,) "that woman's love is more priceless than Golconda's rich gems, and far more devout than the idolatry of Mecca." If I had the choice to make, I should rather be the idol of one *unsullied*, unpracticed heart, than a Monarch on a throne, or a Prince arrayed in all the gewgaws and trappings of a spurious royalty, which fade in their using, die with their votaries, and are incarcerated in the same grave, never to be disinterred to enslave and defile the good and virtuous; "I would rather possess the pure, the impassioned devotion of one high, one noble souled and enthusiastic female, than the sycophantic, the hypocritical fawnings of the multitude;" I would rather receive the blushing smiles and approbation of her, whose heart is warm, whose soul is ever alive to the wants of the needy and distressed, than to possess the wealth of far-famed India, or the inexhaustible mines of the Peruvian Empire.

The female heart, under the immediate influence of religion and virtue, is certainly the purest and most valuable of all earthly diadems, and outweighs a universe of pelf. She feels for others' woes; and, not content with imparting blessings to those around her, her immortal mind expands, and she looks abroad for objects of distress, who are made the recipients of her benevolence and charity. Such a heart surmounts all obstacles; overleaps all barriers which intercept her path of duty. She seeks out, and with a countenance beaming with Christian charity, she enters the poor man's hut, and with a benevolence which Angels admire and love, supplies the wants of the indigent occupants.

She is a pattern for the young to imitate, and the old do her justice, by bestowing the meed of praise on such

benevolence and charity. In her devotions to Deity, she is consistent, devout, and sincere, and rejoices in a well-grounded hope of flourishing in immortal youth and beauty, after the lamp of life shall cease to burn.

Her worth and merit will long languish around her tomb, reluctant to depart, and will be a theme on which the Christian philanthropist will delight to dwell, long after her body shall have mingled with its kindred dust. Virtue is to woman what an honest fame is to man; and so long as she retains it, she is beloved and esteemed; but *divested* of it, she is poor indeed—so poor, that the treasures of an empire could not erase the stain of incontinence from her character. Not so with man; he can do what a virtuous woman dare not think of doing; he can tarnish his name and brighten it again; he can scale the walls of every barrier; overleap all obstacles in the gratification of his lusts, and still hold a rank among his fellow-men; but, if woman violate any one of the established rules of virtue, she is forever lost, and infamy's grave receives her as its deluded victim. Oh, virtue! how amiable; how endearing thou art—the hand-maid of religion; the companion of her joys and comforts; the sharer of every felicity; thou shinest as brilliant and as bright in the *intestine* as in the *public* works of life; thou art the adoration of the *good* of every clime, and thy superior excellence extorts from the *bad* the meed of a just and merited praise. The woman whose heart is made the seat of every virtuous and pious feeling, has nothing to fear from the intrigues and cunningly devised artifices of the debauchee; her virtue and piety will be a sure passport to the haven of unceasing repose when she dies, and the only security against falling into the gulph of infamy and disgrace while living.

Methinks, if my much valued friend Duncan were united to a being so amiable as the one described, the residue of his days would be spent in the calm sunshine of happiness and peace. With her, the path of life would be checkered with every pleasure and enjoyment which the unsatisfied mind desires and seeks after in wedlock's bonds; a beneficent Providence would smile upon, and

watch over them in weal or in woe ; protect them through dangers seen and unseen ; and when mortality shall, by an irrevocable mandate, be exchanged for immortality, their congenial spirits would ascend to Heaven, to spend and enjoy together an eternity of bliss.

MEDITATION XIV.

ON SEVERAL SUBJECTS.

The longer I live in the world, the more I see and am convinced of the vanities and gross inconsistencies which a large portion of its inhabitants heedlessly fall into in their search after honor and fame, which, like the hue on beauty's cheek, will sooner or later fade, and, as the morning dew, disappear and be lost amidst the sable shades of unrecalled forgetfulness. When I see many of my fellow-beings around me, racking and torturing their brain to invent new and most judicious plans, to amass a superabundance of this world's pelf, I am ready to infer that their minds are diverted to nothing beyond this world ; but are confined to certain prescribed limits, over which they wish not to pass, until death arrests them in their mad career towards *self-aggrandizement*.

When I reflect on fleeting time, my mind is naturally led to enquire into the character of its great Author, and to search into the mysteries of a mysterious Providence : but, the more I think and meditate, the greater the mystery appears, and the deeper I sink into the labyrinth of conjectures relative to the handy-work of an all-powerful and self-originated God.

Time, which is past and gone, is lost to us ; it cannot be recalled ; the present is but lent ; yet, they are the same to *Him*, who has existed through an eternity which is past, and will exist the same unchanging, unerring Being through an eternity which is to come. All classes

approbation, one touch of his love to the heart, is of more worth to me, than the love, approbation, and applause, of a congregated world, and that vast number multiplied by the millions who have passed from the earth, and those yet unborn.

Clothed with unlimited power, and possessing infinite wisdom, God promises life and salvation to every intelligent being, who will seek and ask aright. The blood of his Son has been shed, as a pledge for the fulfilment of his promises ; and can I doubt the words of his mouth ?

In his efforts to allure and seduce, Satan promises the good man, and the humble penitent, happiness and pleasure in his service ; but he has neither the power nor ability to perform or fulfil any one pledge or promise. God is composed (to speak after the manner of man,) of wisdom, purity, holiness, truth, power, mercy, and justice. On the other had, Satan is impure, of himself powerless ; but a nature tyrannical and unmerciful.

He is the father of lies, the inventor of sin, and in whom dwell all filthiness and abominations.

What, then, is my alternative ? Shall I cease to be a Christian ; serve Satan, and die an eternal death ? Or, shall I continue (as I humbly hope I am,) the faithful follower of Christ, and live throughout eternity in those blissful regions which he inhabits ?

The good and the evil way, which, in their progress and final determinations, lead directly to Heaven or to Hell, are placed before me.

A moral ability is given me, to make a judicious, safe, and wise, or an injudicious, unsafe, and unwise choice. Which of the two should be made ? The good way, most assuredly ; and, with the Spirit and grace of God to aid and support me, *I shall never cease to be a Christian.*

ERRATA.

At page 75, 21st line, for "*dear*," read *clear* proof.

At page 85, 19th line, for "*process*," read *progress*.

At page 85, 34th line, for "*destruction*," read *instruction*.

At page 89, 6th line, for "*release*," read *relieve*.

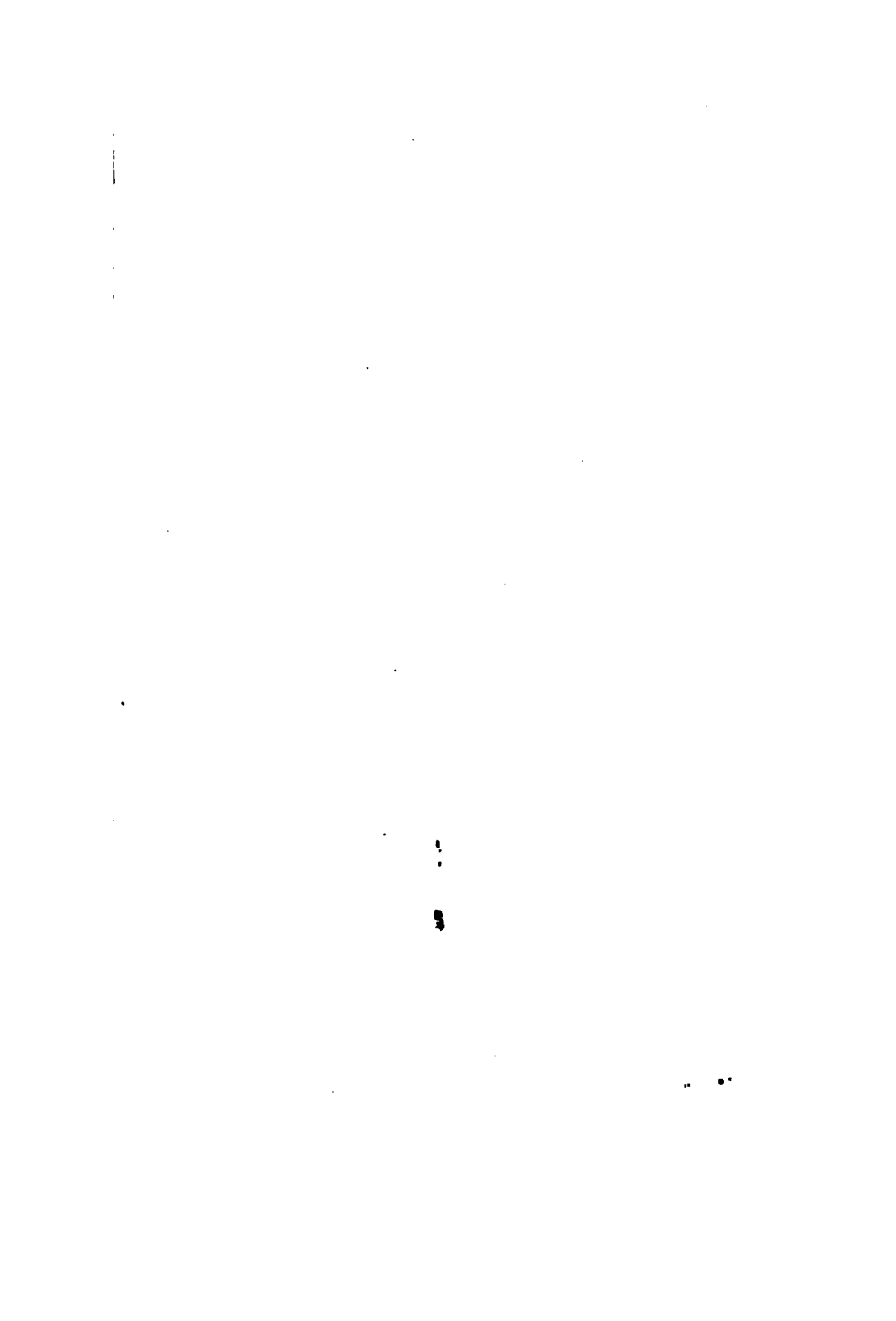
At page 115, 5th line, for "*humanity*," read *humility*.

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